Oct. 24, 1942

# THE NEW YORKER

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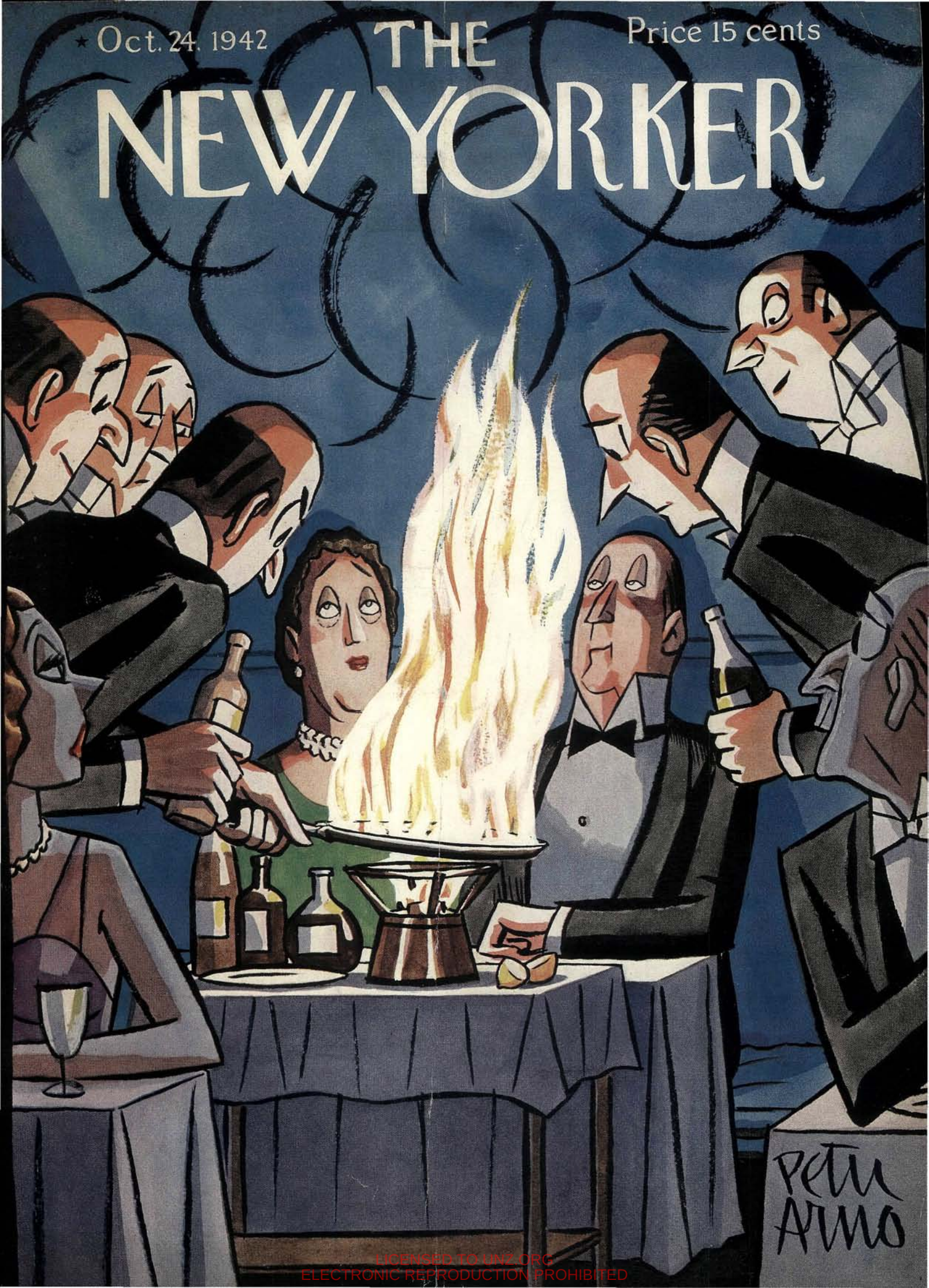


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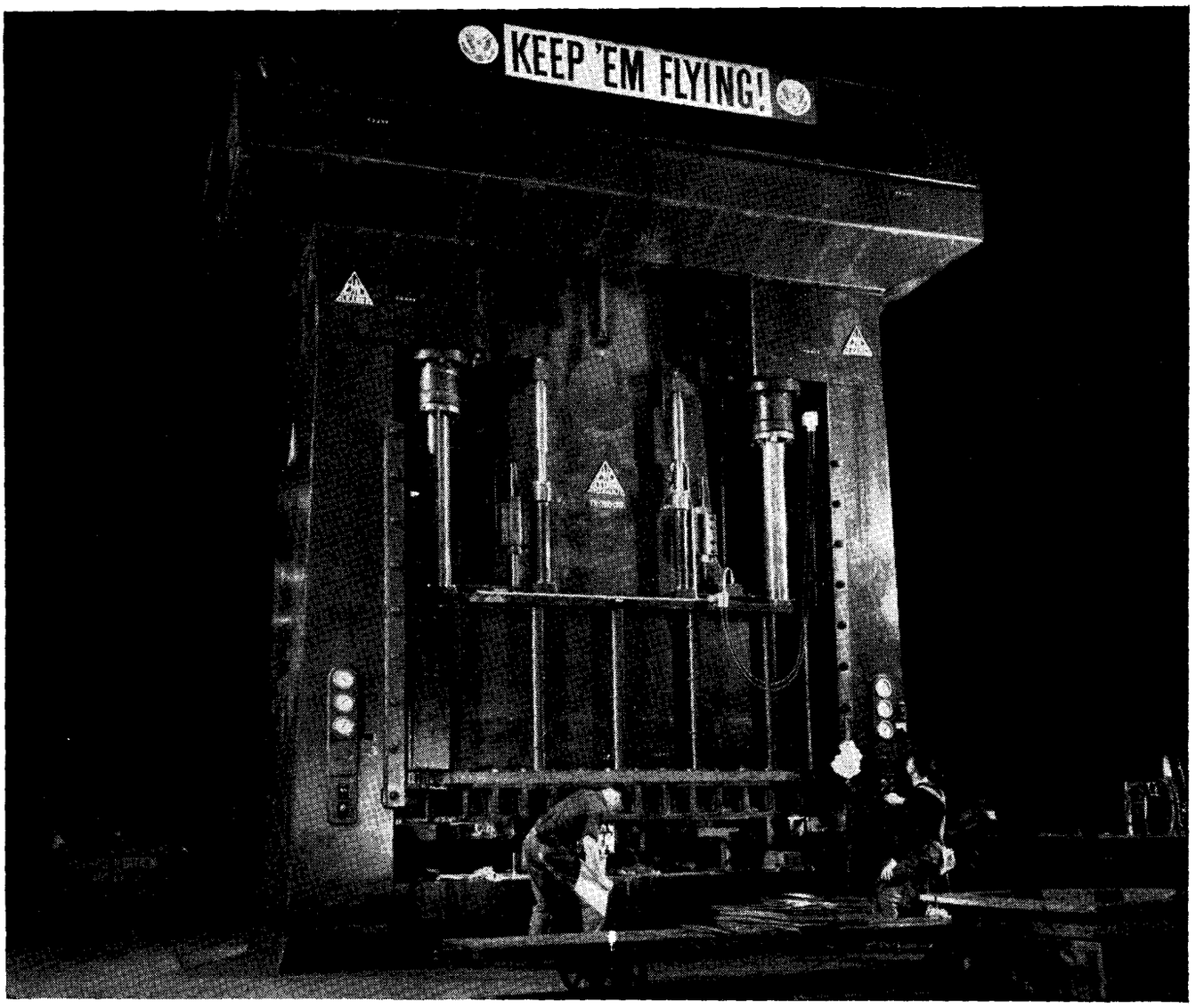


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This giant, triple-action press—using hydraulic, pneumatic and hydromatic pressure—is built for that job.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Angel Street**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Arsenic and Old Lace**—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Blithe Spirit**—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Claudia**—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. All performances through Sat., Oct. 31, will benefit United China Relief. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**The Eve of St. Mark**—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death at Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Hello Out There**—Julie Haydon and Eddie Dowling giving superb performances in what is perhaps William Saroyan's best play. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic," also with Miss Haydon and Mr. Dowling, fills out the program. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Janie**—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Among others, Brock Pemberton has employed Gwen Anderson, Linda Watkins, and Frank Amy. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

**Junior Miss**—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**Life with Father**—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its third year. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**My Sister Eileen**—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Native Son**—A return engagement of the play based on Richard Wright's novel. Canada Lee heads the cast. (Reopening Fri., Oct. 23, at the Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

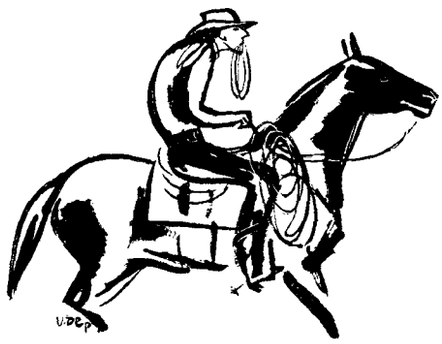
**Strip for Action**—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have transplanted a burlesque troupe to an Army camp in this pleasant and spirited comedy. The cast includes Keenan Wynn, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

**Three Men on a Horse**—Alex Yokel's revival of a farce you must have seen before. William Lynn, Teddy Hart, and Horace MacMahon are among the members of the original company who still appear. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Sat. and Sun.)

**Uncle Harry**—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**Bird in Hand**—A revival of the Drinkwater play, with Nicholas Joy, Viola Roache, and Romney Brent. Produced by Ronald T. Hammond.



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

**THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY OCTOBER 31.**

(Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Beat the Band**—Some very nice songs and an engaging cast are not quite enough to offset a remarkably silly book. With Jack Whiting, Romo Vincent, Susan Miller, and Eunice Healey. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

**By Jupiter**—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on one of the pleasantest events so far this season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Count Me In**—In spite of Charles Butterworth and Luella Gear, this musical comedy about the war on the home front remains pretty dull and simple-minded. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

**Let's Face It!**—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sa . and Sun.)

**Show Time**—A superior vaudeville show, supervised by George Jessel. Among the performers are Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. They are all very fine. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**Sons o' Fun**—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE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THE NEW YORKER
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**Star and Garter**—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**The Time, the Place, and the Girl**—A rejuvenation of a musical comedy nearly forty years old, with a new score by Joe E. Howard, who had a hand in the original, and William B. Friedlander. Mr. Howard will head the cast. Staged by Mr. Friedlander and produced by Georges D. Gersene. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**The Damask Cheek**—Flora Robson, Myron McCormick, and Margaret Douglass in a comedy by John van Druten and Lloyd Morris. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman. Opens Thurs., Oct. 22. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

**Little Darling**—A comedy by Eric Hatch, with Leon Ames, Karen Morley, and Phyllis Avery. Staged by Alfred de Liagre, Jr., and produced by Tom Weatherly. Opens Tues., Oct. 27. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

### MISCELLANY

**Stars on Ice**—A skating show, with a cast which includes several of the performers who were in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

**Gilbert and Sullivan**—The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Yeomen of the Guard," Thurs. through Sun., Oct. 22-25; "Ruddigore," Thurs. through Sun., Oct. 29-Nov. 1; at 8:30 P.M. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

## BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

**Ballet Theatre**—Presenting "Aleko," "Coppelia," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 22; "Princess Aurora," "Romantic Age," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., Oct. 23; "Les Sylphides," "Aleko," and "Naughty Lisette," Sat. Aft., Oct. 24; "Billy the Kid," "Pillar of Fire," and "Coppelia," Sat. Eve., Oct. 24; "Romantic Age," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Coppelia," Sun. Aft., Oct. 25; "Billy the Kid," "Pillar of Fire," and "Petrouchka," Sun. Eve., Oct. 25; "Romantic Age," "Aleko," and "Coppelia," Mon. Eve., Oct. 26; "Gala Performance," "Petrouchka," and "Don Domingo," Tues. Eve., Oct. 27; "Don Domingo," "Lilac Garden," and "Helen of Troy," Wed. Eve., Oct. 28; "Swan Lake," "Dark Elegies," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 29; "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., Oct. 30; "Princess Aurora," "Coppelia," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., Oct. 31; "Aleko," "Russian Soldier," and "Helen of Troy," Sat. Eve., Oct. 31. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

**Ruth St. Denis**—Appearing in a program mainly composed of her traditional selections: Sat. Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:30. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. For tickets, call ST 9-1391.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**Ambassador**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

**Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—There's an ice show in the Bowman Room, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

**Copacabana**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Unmistakably tropical, with a show headed by Joe E. Lewis. Ted Straeter's orchestra and a samba band.

**El Morocco**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

**Larue**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

**Monte Carlo**, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This handsome room reopens for the season on Thurs., Oct.


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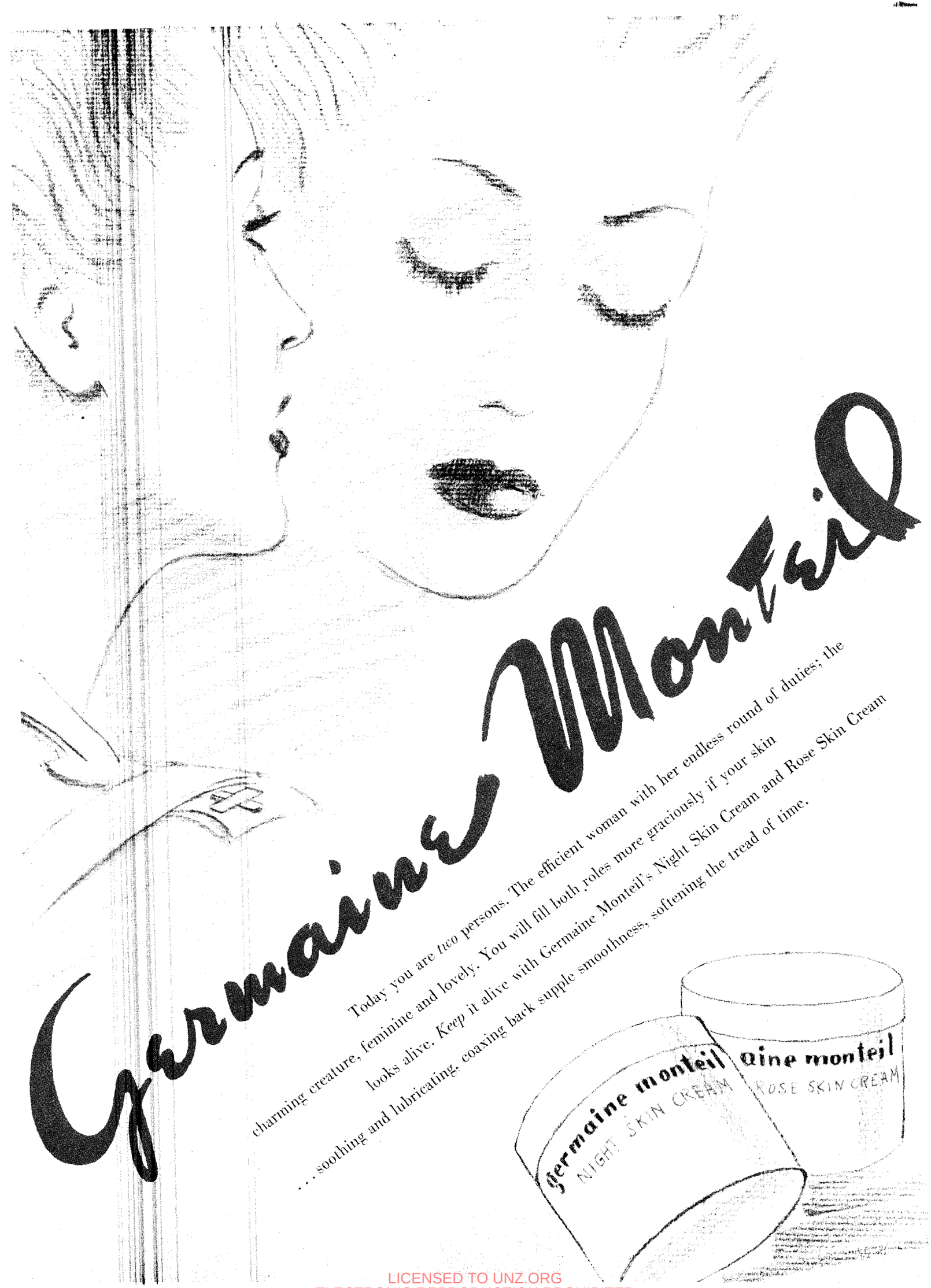
Germaine Monteil
Today you are *two* persons. The efficient woman with her endless round of duties; the charming creature, feminine and lovely. You will fill both roles more graciously if your skin looks alive. *Keep* it alive with Germaine Monteil's Night Skin Cream and Rose Skin Cream . . . soothing and lubricating, coaxing back supple smoothness, softening the tread of time.
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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22, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 6[illegible] (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moods. Brenda Forbes heads the show and the music is by Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays for tea and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is packing them into the Persian Room with her singing, and Bob Grant's orchestra helps to see that they stay there. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—There'll be a new show here on Wed., Oct. 28, with Helen Tamiris and her dancers and Leo Reisman's orchestra. Meanwhile, Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff dance, Señor Wences throws his voice around, and Del Casino's orchestra plays. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is still in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra supplies the music in the Iridium Room. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, the music is by Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Morton Downey is singing in the Café Lounge, where Paul Baron's orchestra plays. Tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Roy Ross's orchestra is on hand for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place that has a touch of Broadway about it. Ben Cutler's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show headed by Maurice and Cordoba.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna are dancing in the Wedgwood Room to music by Emil Coleman's orchestra, which also provides music for the customers. At supper, Gracie Fields and Mischa Borr's orchestra are there too. . . . John Kirby's orchestra is playing away in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, Fred Keating, and a number of others are on hand. . . . SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, hoarsely singing those songs of hers, is the principal attraction. . . . LA VIE PARISIENNE, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to those Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . 2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

MISCELLANEOUS—At LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small place that has more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors on record; George Morris's orchestra plays and Anne Francine sings. . . . LA MARTINIQUE, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; the Revuers are there, too, with their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing—with Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Alvino Rey's orchestra. . . . COMMODORE, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra will be replaced by another on Thurs., Oct. 29. . . . NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . LINCOLN, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Harry James's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a dance floor no bigger than a jeep, and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing . . . JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . LATIN QUARTER, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that. . . . LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American setting, with Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Georgie Price. . . . HAVANA-MADRID, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with the Velero Sisters' rumba band and a show. . . . 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson as well as Lee and Lester Young's orchestra. . . . NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Bobby Hackett, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Sullivan, etc., are back again in this downtown landmark. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band, surrounded by the bar and the customers. . . . KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio and a swing band. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

## ART

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS—An unpretentious, agreeable collection of water colors, ranging from Charles Demuth to Archipenko: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—A newly opened museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection and featuring paintings and sculptures by modern European and American artists. Tues., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AUSTIN—Drawings, revealing a sensitivity of line that's been more or less obscured in his paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

BELLOWS—Eight paintings, some of which have rarely been shown before: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

CHAGALL—Oils, gouaches, and pastels, including his large "Revolution," exhibited for the first time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

DUTCH—Halses, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces galore, in one of the largest exhibitions of Dutch masters ever seen in these parts; a benefit for the A.W.V.S. and the Queen Wilhelmina Fund: Duveen, 720 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

EVERGOOD—Some excellent new paintings, in his first showing in two years: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

FRENCH—Oils, from Corot and Courbet through the major Impressionists: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 14.

GILBERT—Sensitive oils, mainly of New England coastal scenes: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

GROUPS—At the MACBETH, 11 E. 57: pleasant pieces by Peter Hurd and Herman Maril, among others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . MILCH, 108 W. 57: new oils by Kroll, Etnier, Laufman, and other members of this gallery's group. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . ARTISTS', 43 W. 55: the first exhibition in this gallery's new quarters includes oils by James Sterling, Louis Donato, and Nicholas Vasilieff. Tues., 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . MARQUIÉ, 16 W. 57: oils by George Constant, Milton Avery, Arnold Friedman, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

HARTLEY—Early drawings, mostly of Maine: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

KINGMAN—Water colors by a California artist, in his first show hereabouts: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

LÉGER—Two shows, both of new works—oils at the Rosenberg, 16 E. 57 (weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.), and gouaches and drawings at the Buchholz, 32 E. 57 (weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.); both through Sat., Oct. 31.

MORGAN—Oils, with an odd mixture of the mystical and the romantic: Julien Levy, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Winning poster designs from the Museum's United Hemisphere competition. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Nov. 22.

NEW YORK SCENES—Views of the city by a variety of artists, from 1800 to the present: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

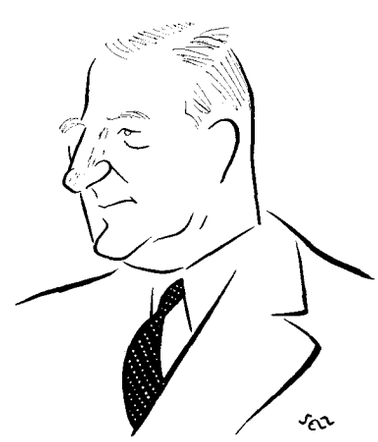
SIPORIN AND MILLMAN—Designs for the much-talked-of St. Louis Post Office murals, effectively displayed: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31.

SURREALISTS—A large exhibition, with works in several media by many well-known artists, arranged by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 451 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Sculptures, paintings, water colors, drawings, and prints from the Museum's permanent collection. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 25.

HERE AND THERE—At the WAKEFIELD, 64 E. 55: paintings of the ballet by Lurçat, Peirce, Legrand, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 24. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 18 E. 57: paintings by F. Coradal-Cugat. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . BIGNOU, 32 E. 57: paintings by Jane Berlandina. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . NIERENDORF, 18 E. 57: sculptures and drawings by Louise Nevelson. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 27. . . . KLEEMANN, 65 E. 57: paintings by Homer Martin and a group of Rembrandt etchings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57: paintings by J. Alden Weir. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . FERARGIL, 63 E. 57: paintings by members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union; a United China Relief benefit. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 7. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: paintings by Joseph Floch. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 31. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12: Roman Vishniac's photographs of Europe under Hitler. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

NOTE—The semiannual outdoor exhibition of paintings in Washington Square, including, for the first time, works by servicemen, will continue through Sun., Oct. 25, daily from 10 A.M. until dark.



LT. COMDR. CHARLES HANN, JR.,

*U.S.N.R., retired, who is the chairman in charge of the Navy Day doings, including a big parade on the Avenue this Saturday and a banquet at the Waldorf the following Tuesday for the reviewing-stand bunch. In the last war he rose from ensign to lieutenant commander in eighteen months, winding up in charge of the training of deck officers for troop and cargo ships. He has occupied the interval of peace by practicing law and collecting a library of five thousand autographed volumes. His one lifelong regret has been that he was too young to be a Rough Rider.*

## MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Oct. 22, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 23, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 25, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 29, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 30, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist, Milstein, Oct. 29-30.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Oct. 31, at 11 A.M.

N.B.C. STRING SYMPHONY—Black conducting: soloist, Elman: Carnegie Hall, Fri., Oct. 23, at 8:45 P.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Mahler conducting: soloist, Morini: Carnegie Hall, Sun., Oct. 25, at 5:45 P.M. (Admission by purchase of War Stamps.)

CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN CONCERT—Herman Adler conducting members of the Philharmonic-Symphony in

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31.

Smetana's "My Country": Carnegie Hall, Mon., Oct. 26, at 8:45 P.M.

### RECITALS

**CARNEGIE HALL**—Byrd Elliot, Tues., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M.; Claudio Arrau, Wed., Oct. 28, at 8:30 P.M.; Egon Petri, Fri., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M.; Fritz Kreisler, Sat., Oct. 31, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: chamber-music concert by members of the faculty of the Dalcroze School, Mon., Oct. 26, at 8:45 P.M. (For tickets, call VO 5-1357.)

**TOWN HALL**—Miriam Solovieff, Fri., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M.; Maxim Schapiro, Sun., Oct. 25, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Hortense Monath and the Coolidge Quartet), Sun., Oct. 25, at 5:30 P.M.; Roman Totenberg, Mon., Oct. 26, at 8:30 P.M.; Thomas L. Thomas, Fri., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M.

**NEW YORK TIMES HALL**—Roland Hayes, Mon., Oct. 26, at 9 P.M. (240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

### OPERA

**ROSALINDA**—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," produced by Lodewick Vroom and with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Opening Mon., Oct. 26; nightly, except Sun., at 8:30; Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

## SPORTS

**BOXING**—Madison Square Garden: Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Oct. 30; preliminaries at 8:30, main match at about 10 P.M.

**FOOTBALL**—On SAT. AFT., OCT. 24: Manhattan vs. Duquesne, Polo Grounds, at 2:30; Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2:30; Navy vs. Georgia Tech, Annapolis, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, Philadelphia, at 2; Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton, at 3; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, at 2:30. . . . SAT. AFT., OCT. 31: Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, at 2:30; Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds, at 2; Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, Hanover, at 2; Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, at 2:30; Pennsylvania vs. Army, Philadelphia, at 2; Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2:30.

PROFESSIONAL GAME: Dodgers vs. Giants, Ebbets Field, Sun., Oct. 25, at 2:30 P.M.

**RACING**—Weekdays at Empire City, at 1:45 P.M.; through Nov. 4. (The Scarsdale Handicap, Sat., Oct. 24; the Westchester Handicap, Sat., Oct. 31.) Trains will leave Grand Central on Sat. at 12:32 and 1:07 P.M. and on other weekdays at 12:32 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**RODEO**—The seventeenth yearly visit of cowboys and cowgirls: Madison Square Garden. Daily at 8:30 P.M., also Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 25.

**BENEFITS**—"Incendiary Blondes," a revue put on by theatre people, artists, and writers, to be followed by a supper dance; for the American Theatre Wing War Service: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri., Oct. 23, at 10 P.M. . . . Navy Day dinner and dance: Waldorf-Astoria, Tues., Oct. 27, at 7:30 P.M.

**NAVY DAY PARADE**—Regular forces from the Army and Navy and members of the Red Cross, A.W.V.S., and other voluntary services will march down Fifth Avenue, from 96th to 62nd Sts., on Sat., Oct. 24, at 2:30 P.M. The reviewing stand will be at 67th St.

**ON THE AIR**—Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, Sun., Oct. 25, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Navy Day program, with speeches by Secretary Knox, Admiral King, and others, Sun., Oct. 25, at 2 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, daily at 7 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

**AUCTIONS**—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Books, autograph letters and manuscripts, and incunabula, owned by the estates of the late J. Alice Maxwell, Herbert M. Sears, C. L. Ricketts, and others: Thurs., Oct. 22, at 2 P.M. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture, silver, paintings, and china, owned by the Rosenbach Company: Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 22-24, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions, Americana, and autographs, from the estates of the late Mrs. Henry Morgan Tilford, Mrs. Carolyn Wells Houghton, and others: Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 28-29, at 2 P.M.

**NOTE**—Christmas parcels and mail to servicemen on duty overseas, to be sure of getting there on time, must be in the hands of the Post Office by Sat., Oct. 31.

## MOTION PICTURES

**ACROSS THE PACIFIC**—John Huston directed this one with the same fast pace that he put into "The Maltese Falcon." It's about (and against) Japanese spies and features Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Oct. 22. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 28-29.)

**HOLIDAY INN**—A light but sturdy musical, with the singing and dancing handled by a team that understands the work—Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. Words and music by Irving Berlin. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Oct. 28. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 23-26.)

**MRS. MINIVER**—Private lives in fighting England, and very stirring, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. How the war comes to a gentle, well-born family. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 22.)

**MOSCOW STRIKES BACK**—Grim documentary views of the Russian front of last winter. Edward G. Robinson pitches in with a commentary. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 27-28.)

**THE PIED PIPER**—Monty Woolley and some children not his own travel across invaded France. Mr. Woolley is especially winning. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., Oct. 23. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 27-28. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 28-29.)

**THE TALK OF THE TOWN**—A fine comedy, with a dash of social significance. Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., Oct. 26. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 23-25.)

### REVIVALS

**ALGIERS** (1938)—Life in the native quarter. Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 27-28.)

**CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT** (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 28-30.)

**FOUR FEATHERS** (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, with Technicolor. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 27-28.)

**GRAND ILLUSION** (1938)—German prisons in the last war. Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Oct. 23.)

**HOLIDAY** (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 24-27.)

**HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY** (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 24-27.)

**THE LONG VOYAGE HOME** (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 27-28.)

**THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER** (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 23-26.)

**MEET JOHN DOE** (1941)—Gary Cooper as Frank Capra's plain American citizen. With Barbara Stanwyck and Edward Arnold. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 26-27.)

**OF HUMAN BONDAGE** (1934)—Somerset Maugham's classic. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 25-27.)

**THE PHILADELPHIA STORY** (1940)—Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant in another Philip Barry piece. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., Oct. 24.)

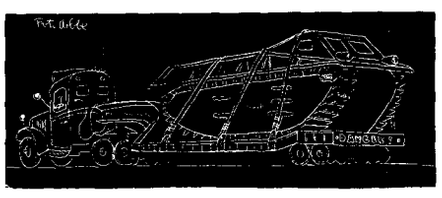
**SHE MARRIED HER BOSS** (1935)—Claudette Colbert is the secretary and Melvyn Douglas is the boss. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 24-26. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 28-30.)

**THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER** (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., Oct. 22.)

**A STAR IS BORN** (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 26-28.)

**THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!** (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 28-30.)

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early motion pictures daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—THURS., OCT. 22: "The Last of the Line" (1914), Sessue Hayakawa; also "Civilization" (1916). FRI. AND SAT., OCT. 23-24: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith. SUN. AND MON., OCT. 25-26: five Mack Sennett comedies (1910-20). TUES. AND WED., OCT. 27-28: five Chaplin comedies (1914).



## CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

**VOLUNTEER WORK**—The war has created many thousand part- and full-time jobs for people in this community who want to help out. In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign workers to such tasks is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross, A.W.V.S., and U.S.O. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Among the most pressing current needs of the C.D.V.O., all of them of about equal importance, are (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for one eight-hour period each week; (5) men and women to put in whatever daytime hours they can spare doing administrative and clerical work in draft-board and other emergency offices; (6) women to serve five hours every other day (no evening vacancies at present) in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity.

The C.D.V.O. wants to register as many people as possible who can't volunteer on a set schedule but can be called upon from time to time for all sorts of short-notice temporary jobs. Next week, for example, men and women will be needed to help out with the registration of householders for fuel-oil rationing.

**SALVAGE**—There is no letup in the campaigns for rubber, kitchen fat, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal. Salvage is useless if mixed; rubber must be kept separate from rags, tin cans from other scrap metal, and so on. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 East 42nd (MU 3-9669), will tell you where to take small quantities of scrap metal, rubber, or rags, and will send around for amounts of fifty pounds or more. . . . All butcher shops have been asked to accept (and pay for) kitchen fat, which can be converted into glycerine, an essential ingredient of ammunition. Both deep-frying fat and pan or broiler drippings are wanted; they should be strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can and kept in a cool place until you have at least a pound, the smallest amount acceptable. . . . Tin cans should be washed and flattened, after both their ends have been cut out and their paper labels removed. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to start saving old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for the manufacture of powder bags. An arrangement for collecting this salvage will be announced later.

**SUBURBS AND COUNTRY**—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage work are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

**GIFTS AND LOANS**—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued a special appeal for Christmas packages for men in the services. The packages must be in the hands of the A.W.V.S. by Sat., Oct. 31, should not be larger than shoe-box size, and should contain such presents as soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, pencils with clips, shoe polish, chewing gum, and stationery. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars. Should you have any to lend, call RE 2-9100 to see whether yours meet the required specifications, and, if they do, turn them in at the U.S.O. booth at Penn Station or at 90 Church St., Room 909.

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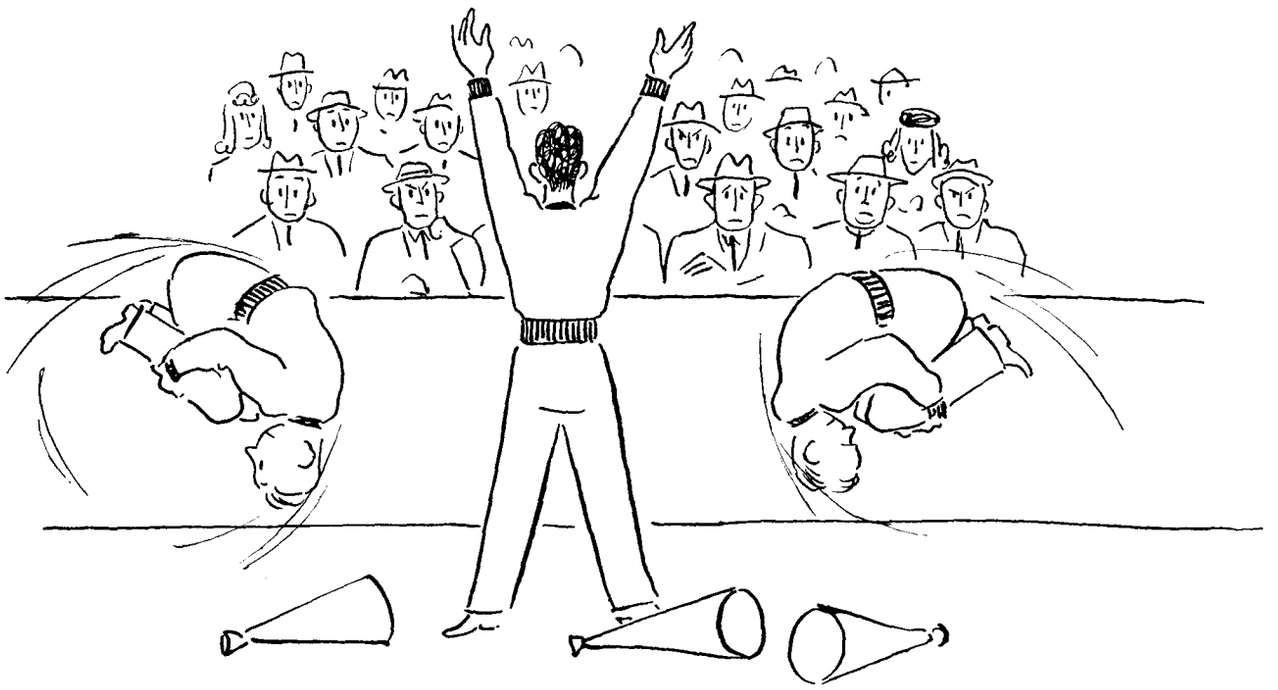
# Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



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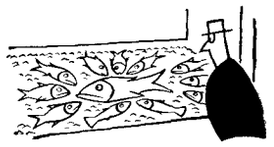
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

HARVEST HOME NOTES: Last week we saw, in one of Lord & Taylor's windows, an unmistakable cherry tree, bearing unmistakable apples. Further uptown, in the window of the Rod & Reel sea-food restaurant on East



Forty-ninth Street, there were a number of fish glamorously arranged on ice. The one most prominently displayed was cross-eyed.

NEUROLOGICAL NOTE: Tommy Manville, at his sixth wedding, was attended by a doctor.

WE have noticed that whenever anything goes spectacularly wrong with the affairs of the nation, eager little editorials appear, like flowers after a rain, pointing out that such troubles can happen only in a democracy. Nuisances like obstructionist congressmen, industrial bottlenecks, and long-winded back-talk are held up as shining examples of the sort of thing Hitler wouldn't tolerate, and which we should therefore cherish. Well, we cherish them, but we find listening to this argument more and more of a strain. The other evening we were in a night club where an entertainer, after doing a remarkably bad imitation of Eleanor Roosevelt, said, with shy elation, "This is the only country where I'd be allowed to do such a thing."

This produced a hearty round of applause from a group of night owls who believed, apparently, that a bad imitation of Eleanor Roosevelt does more for the war effort than no imitation of Eleanor Roosevelt at all. However, we're still proud to live in a democracy—proud, if at times somewhat exhausted.

WE got an invitation this morning to attend a dinner on "the century of the common man." It is to be at a public house—the Hotel Astor. Guests of honor will be an aircraft worker, an air-raid warden (who, we trust, will be out of a job before the century is up), a clergyman, a farmer, a journalist, a machinist, a marine, a miner, a nurse, a pilot, a railroad worker, a refugee, a sailor, a seaman, a social-service worker, a soldier, a steel worker, a student, a teacher, and others. Although our wife says she'll put us up something in our dinner pail if we want to go, we're not

sure that we would feel comfortable at this occasion, when Brotherhood is to receive its belated certificate. Our respect for the common man, which is simply self-respect, is so great that we don't want him (or us) to get off to a bad start in this our crucial century. An Astor dinner at $3.50 a plate belongs to the committee-culture of the past; it is not the way we would go about launching a century.

A CENTURY in which Man is to come into his own had best not begin with a heavy meal, or with speeches, or with a list of sponsors. It should certainly not begin with the term "common man," which is a misnomer and suggests (usually unintentionally) patronage. Our own contribution to the amazing and hopeful century which looms before us will be to continue referring to the common man simply as "the man"—which is the way we think of him and of ourself. In America the phrase "common man" generally means the "man who hasn't much dough." And who wants to have *that* pointed out, even at a three-fifty meal at the Astor?

THE other day the President gave the first authoritative and concrete figures on war production that we have seen, and we've been watching like a hawk. "Production is running ninety-four or ninety-five per cent of objectives," he said, not mincing a single word. This statement was deeply gratifying to us because for months we had been jotting down notes on the estimates of war production made by the nation's leaders, including the President, and trying to translate their general statements into something definite. It was baffling business. On April 17th, for example, Donald Nelson said, "We are over the hump and we can see daylight ahead in our whole war-production effort." We translated "over the hump" arbitrarily as sixty per cent. That seemed reasonable. On August 9th, the President made an estimate: "In terms of what will be required to defeat our enemies we have only just begun to get into our stride." We reflected over that and didn't try to figure out a percentage. Mr. Roosevelt had a new report on September 14th: "So far the United States has little more than passed the halfway mark toward maximum war production." Say fifty-five per cent. On September 17th, Mr. Nelson was back with the statement "The country is approaching the maximum of war production." Surely ninety per cent on that. He was less enthusiastic, however, on September 29th: "The plain fact of the matter is that production lagged in August about fourteen per cent behind the first-of-the-month forecasts." Say between seventy-five and eighty per cent. All in all, we were happy to get a fairly specific, and an encouragingly high, figure. We doubt if the Axis leaders are greatly worried by statements like "over the hump" and "approaching the maxi-

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mum," but "*ninety-five per cent of objectives*" is something they can chew on.

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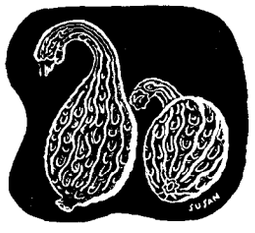
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The delivery coach of Rosemarie de Paris, the Fifth Avenue *chocolatière*—the one drawn by the two spanking bays and driven by the coachman in the plum-colored livery—has an electric tail-light.

One of the eight books offered for sale in the post exchange at Fort Dix is "The Pocket Book of Home Vegetable Gardening." It's moving very slowly.

When Hirohito came to the Japanese throne, back in 1926, the name given to his reign was Showa—"Light and Peace."

## *School*

THE salvaging of the U.S.S. Lafayette, née Normandie, was started off by the Navy in farsighted fashion with the establishment of a training school for divers. You may have seen it mentioned in the papers. Well, the students are enlisted men and the instructors are officers with diving experience. School keeps on the pier beside which the big ship lies keeled over. Before a volunteer can start training he has to pass a super-tough physical exam, as part of which he is put under forty-five pounds of air pressure, the equivalent of what he'd get at a depth of a hundred feet below the surface. Candidates who are accepted are first given a classroom course in which all possible types of underwater contretemps are discussed—jammed air valves, fouled lines, and the like—and are told about the bends, the familiar complaint of tunnel workers. After learning all this from one of the instructors, we inquired of a student we saw standing nearby if he was anxious to get underwater. "Jeepers, yes," he said amiably.



The student divers take off from a raft near the pier and then keep in touch with their instructors by telephone. While we were there a tall, thin sailor named Ernest, who had a lugubrious tattoo of a shipwreck on his forearm, went down for a tricky test given advanced students. This consists of taking down some boards and nailing them together, working at a sunken workbench on the rather dingy Hudson River bottom, to make a box. "O.K., girls," Ernest said to two of his classmates who were valeting him. They clamped on his headpiece and he went over the side, clutching his set of boards. We were handed a telephone and allowed to listen in. First thing that happened was that two pieces of wood came bobbing up to the surface. "Uh, oh," said Ernest's voice over the telephone. "You want that wood sent back down?" asked one of the topside group. "Sure," said Ernest. "I guess so." The wood was tied to the end of a line and the other end of the line was passed down. Ernest then jerked the wood beneath the waves. After a moment he telephoned, "I can't find the damn toolbox." "Look under the bench," the operator said. "I have," said Ernest. "Well, look again," the operator told him. At this point an instructor came over and took the telephone. "Hey, No. 3, can't you find that toolbox?" he asked. "I've looked all over," Ernest told him. "That ain't no excuse," the instructor barked. Finally they had to pull Ernest up, his test uncompleted. Seems the toolbox really *was* mislaid.

Chatting with the instructors and men, we got some idea of the curriculum. First you have to learn to stand up on a muddy bottom, a matter depending on the regulation of your air supply; if you take in too much air, you float upward, and if you take in too little, you sink into the mud. Next comes walking on the bottom, following a hand line strung out along the river bed. Then you have to carry heavy weights, assemble pipe fittings, and otherwise demonstrate that you're a handy man underwater. We were told that the Navy is shortly going to provide a glass-sided tank, like that used by the "Dream of Venus" mermaids at the World's Fair, so that the instructors can loll at their ease and watch the pupils' technique with riveting machines, underwater cutting torches, and pneumatic hammers, all of which the men must learn to use before going to work on the sunken ship.

## *Bargain*

A PRIM lady warden was left in charge of her ARP post one evening last week and had a stimulating contact with the half-world. A small, brightly dressed man sauntered in, looked the place over, and engaged her in conversation. He suggested that sometimes, probably, it must be hard to get hold of enough wardens to keep the post open. She said yes, that was so, what with people moving away and all. "Well," said the visitor, "how'd ya like to have a full-time warden, a guy that would sit here eight hours a day, six days a week? And not only that, but he'd pay rent—say a hundred and fifty a month. And all he'd want would be to take incoming calls on this phone." The lady said she thought that would be fine, and that she'd report the matter to her sector warden. The sector warden told her about bookies, and now she's that much more sophisticated a warden than she was before.

## *Artist at Ease*

THOSE of our readers who are old enough to be able to cast their minds back to the year 1913 will remember the furor created by the display, in a New York art show, of a Cubist painting entitled "Nude Descending a Staircase." The press it received would have been the despairing envy of Saroyan. It was openly alleged that the painter was a madman, and some people said, as they usually do under such circumstances, that the canvas was hung upside down and the committee didn't know the difference. It was that sort of picture. Well, "Nude Descending a Staircase" was sold shortly thereafter to a San Francisco art dealer, who paid $120 for it; it is now in the collection of Walter Arensberg, a scholarly collector who for some reason lives in Hollywood. As for the artist, Marcel Duchamp, he has been living here in town for the past four months, after a highly uneventful escape from Occupied France, and has just helped to stage the surrealist show in the former Whitelaw Reid house on Madison Avenue. Duchamp, who at fifty-five is still slender and dark-haired, told us that he stayed in Paris until June, 1941, doing a little work and chewing the fat with Picasso and Brancusi and the rest of the boys. Then he went to Vierzon, a town on the border line between Occupied and Unoccupied France, and slipped across as easy as you please: carrying a homemade identification card, he trailed along with a crowd of factory workers who were going to work in Unoccupied France after having been home to lunch in Occupied France. Duchamp kept on going until he hit Vichy, and from there he went to Sanary, an artists' colony between Toulon and Marseilles. Last May he crossed in a Portuguese refugee ship which sailed with the permission of both the Axis and the United Nations. "The best crossing I ever had," he told us. "It was like a cruise."

We got Duchamp talking about his famous "Nude," and he told us he

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*"Anything for me personally?"*

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has always believed it was the title that caused all the stink. Though he attached great importance to getting the proper titles for his paintings, he didn't think that "Nude Descending a Staircase" was so hot. He feels, for instance, that "King and Queen Surrounded by Swift Nudes," to which nobody paid any special attention, is more imposing. Some people will tell you that Duchamp is one of the really great abstract painters, but it's nevertheless a fact that he has hardly touched a brush since 1918 and is represented by only one old piece in the present show. "I don't believe in the sacred mission of the painter," he told us. "My attitude toward art is that of an atheist toward religion. I would rather be shot, kill myself, or kill somebody else, than paint again. Anyway, I quit long ago, and took up chess." We gathered, however, that the reputation he acquired through the "Nude" has made life reasonably easy for him ever since. "Things have come," he said airily, summing up his fiscal affairs. Duchamp never became a master at chess, but he was good enough to represent France several times in international competition and has written a book on the end game—"chess endings that never happen," as he put it. It was published in French, English, and German, but couldn't have been of interest to more than twenty people, the author thinks. Besides hating painting, Duchamp hates reading, and has hated it, and pretty much avoided it, ever since he was ten years old. He claims it's particularly bad for creative people of any sort, that it spoils the purity of what might come out of their subconscious. He is, however, prepared to consider the possibility that he doesn't like to read simply because his eyes are weak.

## *To the Brim*

WE ran into a young Air Forces colonel the other day, spending his leave in the East Fifties, who brought us news of the gasoline situation deep in the heart of the "Grapes of Wrath" country, where he is customarily on duty at an Army training field. Stopping his motorcar at an Oklahoma gas station one evening, he ordered the barefoot attendant to fill her up, this being an order a colonel or anybody else can still give in that section without so much as a fare-thee-well, much less a ration

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card. After an interval during which the pump meter clicked along comfortably, the Colonel heard a gurgling and splashing sound, as of a trout stream in spring. Getting out, he found that the attendant was squirting the gasoline on the ground and glancing up at the meter from time to time. "Hey!" said the Colonel mildly. "She's full," the man said. "I jes wanted to run this thing up to a dollar and a half, even."

## *Forearmed*

ONE radio commentator who probably won't be stopped by enemy bombs is Gabriel Heatter, the Mutual Broadcasting System's buoyant Barbasol-and-Kreml man. These days Heatter broadcasts from his house in Freeport, Long Island, where he has in the cellar a bombproof shelter which is complete with food and sanitary facilities and can be fixed up for broadcasting. What more could you ask? The whole house is a warden's dream, having not only the shelter but any number of water buckets, sandbags, fire axes, stirrup pumps, fire-extinguishers, long-handled shovels, and blackout curtains. Hose connections in all bathrooms, too. It is also, we might add, a radio commentator's dream; on the sun porch are the press-service news tickers, which form the background of Heatter's Monday-through-Friday broadcasts, and in the study, a modernistic one, is Heatter's non-bomb proof broadcasting equipment, together with bookshelves filled with atlases, gazetteers, encyclopedias, and dictionaries. We've had one of our deputies inspect this paradise and he reports that Mr. and Mrs. Heatter live there, and that it has, in addition to the foregoing, the customary beds, tables, chairs, kitchen stove, etc.

Heatter told our man that he decided to broadcast from his Freeport house rather than his apartment in town shortly after Pearl Harbor. (We have gathered lately that among the élite of radio it isn't quite the thing to broadcast from the studio.) Seems that on the Monday evening after the Japanese attack, the officials decided to stage a practice blackout in his apartment building. In addition to the customary number of windows, the Heatter apartment has several hundred square feet of glass-brick wall. Furthermore, this glass brick constitutes the library wall, and Heatter had to have the library lights full on for his nine-o'clock broadcast. There was the devil to pay, with a task force of M.B.S. engineers and the apartment janitor nailing up beaverboard blackouts, and Mrs. Heatter and the maids ransacking the place for blankets and other impenetrable material. When nine o'clock struck, one window still wasn't fixed up, and Mrs. Heatter had to hold a blanket over it during the broadcast. This decided the matter for Mr. and Mrs. Heatter. They made up their minds to move permanently to their summer house in Freeport, and furthermore immediately got in touch with the invaluable British Library of Information for advice on the construction of a cellar shelter there, as a precaution. They were told to use steel poles, steel mesh, bricks, concrete, and plaster. It was Mrs. Heatter's idea to have the shelter out in the yard, but her husband said no; he pointed out that it might cause a panic if Heatter, who would be supposed to know the worst, was seen constructing a bomb shelter. It's now no secret, of course, that the Heatters have the cellar shelter, but no panic building has resulted in Freeport. Heatter regards his cellar as insurance not for himself but for his program. "The only thing that might confuse us now is another hurricane," he observed to our representative. "I don't know *what* would happen in a hurricane."

## *Beef*

A GIRL named Eleanor has just got around to sending us a nice story about this year's Vassar Summer Institute, but we don't vouch for a word of it. Anyway, Eleanor says that the Institute is a session devoted partly to the more humdrum problems of a woman's life, such as housekeeping, marketing, and so on. In order that the girls might become familiar with the appearance, nutritive values, and prices of various cuts of beef, they were led to a butcher shop, where a side of beef was dismantled before their very eyes, and the parts spread out on a table, named, and described. When it was all over one of the little scholars had a question: "Where are the lamb chops?"

## *Political Machine*

NEW YORK CITY first tried out voting machines back in 1915 and the experiment was such a failure that it looked as if the town would never have anything to do with them. As we get the tale from Mr. Eugene Eisinger, a round-faced Republican gentleman who was at

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the time, and still is, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Repairs for the Board of Elections, the city rented two machines, studiously determined to see what would happen. On Election Day that year one of them was set up near the old Schwab mansion on Riverside Drive, with Mr. Eisinger in charge. The machine seemed to him to be working all right, but at the end of the day it showed a total vote of only twenty-one for the rival assemblymen, whereas a total vote of eight to nine hundred was recorded for the candidates for each of the other offices. For a long time afterward neither party, nor any assemblyman, would admit that there was any good in a voting machine. Ten years later, however, Mr. Eisinger got permission to buy seventy-five machines of an improved type. "We put them up in the West Seventies, where all the intelligent people were supposed to live," Mr. Eisinger told us, adding thoughtfully, "Now they live in the *East* Seventies, I understand." Anyway, the assemblymen's votes were recorded properly, and the city proceeded to buy machines for all voting districts.

*"Don't misunderstand me. I like them on some men."*

When we talked with Mr. Eisinger, his men were getting started on the job of dusting, oiling, and generally overhauling the machines for this year's voting. Just before Election Day the Board of Elections inserts the cards bearing the names of the candidates, and the machines are then thrown open to inspection by representatives of each party, who take a few practice swings just to make sure nobody has rigged any of them. After that the machines are locked up and sealed, and sent off by truck, with a police guard, to the voting places. Here each machine is unsealed by representatives of the Board of Elections, who then put in a light bulb and open up for business. As soon as the last vote is cast and the totals recorded, each machine is again locked and sealed, the electric bulb is returned to wherever it was snatched, and the machine itself is shipped back to the city warehouse from which it came, once more under police protection. For the past three years a law has been in force that requires the Election Commissioners to recheck the vote within thirty days; this means unsealing and sealing once more. After that the custodians are free to strip the machines of their outdated voting cards and set them back to zero.

We found Mr. Eisinger to be a man with a pure and selfless love for voting machines. "Lots of times, I just stop in at one of the warehouses and look at them," he told us. "You have no idea how nice they look, lying there in their packing boxes." The city owns 4,775 machines and they cost something over $800 apiece. Unfortunately, Mr. Eisinger's career isn't just a matter of fraternizing with voting machines; he also has to take care of "street houses," the little huts put up whenever there's no public building or store available for voting in a district. These are a nuisance, and no two ways about it—parts get lost, kids write dirty words on the walls, and it takes a lot of labor to put them up and pull them down. This year Mr. Eisinger is only going to have to use ten street houses, and this cheers him up. He still shudders when he thinks of the time he had to use his entire stock of street houses—seventy-one of them. "I don't see how I lived through that week, you know," he remarked. "Night after night I lay in bed, counting those ridiculous little houses instead of sheep." Proportional representation is another thing Mr. Eisinger is against. "People get hysterical, sitting there in the booth trying to figure it out," he says. "And all for a few councilmen. Give me a good voting machine and a straight election, any time."

## *Communiqué*

A FRIEND of ours was in a bookshop on upper Lexington Avenue looking for a nice Christmas card to send to a boy in Iceland when she overheard the salesgirl making a telephone call to a certain local admiral. They kept trying to shunt her off to a secretary or a lieutenant commander, but she held firm. Apparently they gave in at last, for our friend heard the girl say, "Is that you, Admiral? . . . Well, I've got the new Agatha Christie for you."

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

*Navy Department*

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# TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

I HAVE an idea for a story. Maybe it's good. Maybe it's terrible. I only know that it isn't my kind of idea. So I am passing it on to you.

All writers get ideas which don't really belong to them, especially while they are shaving, or maybe fixing their hair, if they are girls. (You notice I'm even beginning to talk with a different accent? It's not my voice any longer. That's the influence of this story, which isn't mine.) Well, as I was about to say, such ideas are like wrong telephone numbers. You can simply answer, "Sorry—no, this isn't the Navy Yard" and hang up. Or, just for the hell of it, you can pretend to be someone else, play around for a while, and take the consequences. Literature is cluttered up with the consequences of authors' playing around with a wrong number; "A Tale of Two Cities," for instance, or "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" or "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

The government says we should save everything. So let's save this idea. Maybe one of your boys could handle it. Give it to the brightest boy you've got, because this story has to be very bright indeed, dressed in the latest slang and the latest fashion, right up to the minute. Take it off the ice, let it stand a while, a couple of months, even, and perhaps—don't say I didn't warn you—perhaps it will start to stink.

The characters? I can't waste time inventing names for them. Her I see as dark, with the kind of black, dissatisfied eyes which seem to adhere slightly to faces and mirrors, and to pull away from them with an elastic tension and a sudden snap. (You'd better consult your fashion editor about the shade of her lipstick and how she should be dressed.) He's chunky, a bit older than she is, used to wrestle and play football at college, has a cauliflower ear, very shrewd gray eyes, untidy, short gray hair sticking up in a tuft behind, and a mailbox mouth. He looks good-natured, and so he is—with other men. They have been married about ten years.

They live in a big apartment overlooking the East River, on, let's say, Fifty-fifth Street. Be careful how you furnish it; readers expect that sort of thing to be authentic. Look, I'll give you a couple of hints: a white corduroy cushion shaped like a human hand, a lunar bonescape (school of Yves Tanguy), a set of sham Chinese chairs supposed to have come from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton. (Important note: The painting is his choice, not hers. This gives the first hint of something tricky, feline, and incalculable in his character.)

Before the war he was a marketing consultant, something of that sort. He's an expert on statistics, price curves, consumer psychology. He reads books on economics as though they were crime stories, skimming through the thickest of them in a few hours as he puffs at his short, heavy pipe. When he reads he wears black-rimmed glasses, which look, one can't quite say why, like a sort of ironical disguise. He turns the page with a thick finger, one eyebrow goes up, a pencil is fished out of a vest pocket, a note is scribbled in the margin. As usual, he has detected the particular type of fallacy in this particular author's reasoning. Watching him from behind her novel (Romains' latest dose of goodwill), she frowns.

Ever since their marriage began to go wrong (at first, almost without their noticing it) her life has gradually speeded itself up until now, as she leaves a room or a house, her lips begin to move automatically, murmuring apologies for being late at the next appointment. She works on all the newest committees, wraps bundles for the latest united nations, speaks at the inauguration of victory clubs, has dates with British naval officers on leave, fills her dining room with military experts, Chinese poets, South American diplomats, and any Russians she can lay hands on. In fact, she's running around in circles, always with her eye on him, always hoping he'll react and play up to her and finally let himself in for what she wants more than anything else in the world—a long, long, long talk. But he, the old wrestler, is much too smart. He acts as if this state of affairs could go on eternally for all he cares. "Do we have to bring *that* up again?" He yawns, and slips off to Washington or to bed. It drives her nearly frantic.

Of course, she discusses the situation, not vulgarly but very objectively, very analytically, with her friends. Oh yes, she is determined to be absolutely fair. She blames herself. She gives him the benefit of every doubt. She questions her motives; she defends his. Then she rests her case gracefully, leaving the world to bring in the verdict—he's guilty on all five hundred counts. She doesn't protest at this. She just shakes her head and smiles gently and sighs. It is understood that she is tired out, and, oh, tremendously brave.

Does he discuss her? No one knows.

JUST as my story (I mean your story) opens, she has begun to keep a diary. The scene where she buys it will be your bright boy's first problem, and I don't envy him the job, because that ole man stream of consciousness who jest keeps rollin' along is getting to be fiction's No. 1 bore. Maybe Bright Boy will be able to bridge it or build a dam; that's not my worry. I merely have to inform him that his heroine is walking down Fifth Avenue and happens to look into the window of a small, very expensive store, and there it is, not a diary of the ordinary kind but a most beautiful manuscript book, bound in tooled leather, like a volume of somebody's collected works. The minute she sets eyes on it she knows she has to buy it, and take it home, and write in it.

Write what? Everything. The entire story of her marriage. The special pleading she used on her sympathetic friends fooled everybody but herself. And now that she is facing her merciless private tribunal she must be utterly frank. Somewhere, in the deepest coils of her conscience, she knows darn well that she has done her share in the double-crossing. She knows she's been cold and cattish and disloyal and selfish and vain. And, oh, what a relief it will be to be able to admit this at last, however grudgingly! As she takes up her pen to start, she remembers those other diaries she used to keep, years and years before, in school, and suddenly the reader, who has been hating her guts, glimpses the little girl behind the tired, sharp mouth and the crow's-feet and the too youthful makeup, and his eyes fill with sympathetic tears. (This passage must be marvellously written or we're sunk. Bright Boy had better be good.)

One afternoon, a few days later, she comes home from the hairdresser, hears a sound in his bedroom, goes in and finds him there, just returned from a trip. (Since he began working for the government his movements have become more and more erratic. He turns up at all kinds of unexpected moments. This gets terribly on her nerves.) He's dumped his bag on his bed and is on his way out again, in a clean shirt and a different suit. He mumbles something about having to meet a fellow at the club, see you later, and is gone. She crosses to the bed, opens the bag, and begins to unpack it—from

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*"But Miss Phillips, when you took the part you surely must have known you were going to have an illegitimate child."*

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sheer force of habit, perhaps, or simply because she's thinking about him, wondering what kind of girl he has in Washington. A stenographer, probably. She sees him, essentially, as a man's man.

Hello, what's this? A fat notebook, bound with an elastic. But the elastic has sagged and slipped off, and several visiting cards and folded scraps of paper with scribbled addresses have fallen out of it. She collects them, automatically opens the book to slide them back between the leaves, as automatically begins to read.

Well—I imagine Bright Boy has got the point already: the writing in the notebook is all about *her*. Of course, the style is entirely different, terse, factual, sarcastic. She's amazed to find how closely he's been following her daily life: how he quotes, ironically, the silliest parts of her public speeches; how he knows exactly when she's had lunch with Jimmy or supper with John. She's amazed, and furious with him for his cutting little comments, and indignant at being spied on, but, above all, terribly intrigued to discover that he cares enough to notice such things and put them down when all the time she'd imagined him a cross between an ostrich, a cow, and an elephant.

When next she sits down to her diary, something—caution or shame or both—prevents her from writing about her latest discovery, but she can't help alluding to it indirectly. His picture of her as outlined in his notebook is too unfair for anything; she simply *has* to correct it. "He doesn't understand me one bit," she protests. "He thinks I'm just a . . ." Pages of explanation follow. She's back on her favorite job: pleading the case of her No. 1 client. The vow of frankness is forgotten.

Needless to say, she lives and breathes for another peek at his notebook. A week passes. He leaves home again. Returns. By this time she's wild with impatience. Teddy and Una have been asking for him every single day, she tells him. He must go around and see them before supper, at once, this minute. She practically pushes him out of the apartment. Before the door closes she's in his room, rummaging in the writing desk.

Here it is. She gives a faint gasp of satisfaction: another long entry. She reads it through without breathing, without relaxing a muscle, and then again through, to the end. No, it isn't possible. He wouldn't. He couldn't. She runs into her bedroom, whips open the drawer where she keeps her diary, takes it in her hand, turns the pages, sniffs them, looks for traces of tobacco ash. Nothing. And yet . . . She hurries back to the notebook, rereads. No, there can be absolutely no doubt. He has taken every one of her points and answered them, clearly and concisely. In fact, he does everything but actually quote her verbatim. And he makes out a pretty good case for himself; she has to hand it to him—he's a better lawyer than she is. But to think he had the nerve! Why, the old so-and-so. . . . She looks in the mirror and discovers that she's started to grin.

YOU can imagine the rest, can't you? How a new kind of life begins in the apartment. They are watching each other. She knows that he knows, and he knows that she knows that he knows. It is a game, but they have to play it seriously and very carefully, because, however absurd and childish the situation may appear to us, it is deadly important to them; perhaps their last chance of happiness together is at stake. One wrong, premature move by either partner and the thread of contact will be broken. It could hardly be repaired.

Slowly, slowly, they advance toward one another. Gradually, she drops her accusations, makes certain admissions and concessions. He does likewise. The diary grows warmer. The notebook responds. There is a great deal of face-saving to be done on both sides. They help each other with this: "I am sure she never really intended . . ." "If it hadn't been for his work, I know he would have seen . . ."

But the rules are still strictly adhered to. Never any direct reference to what is going on. The diary and the notebook lie in their respective places, each, apparently, unspied on, undisturbed. He and she avoid being alone together more

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than ever now, for both are embarrassed, and neither is sure of being able to handle an emergency climax. Nevertheless, at the rare dinner parties which they both attend, their eyes meet from time to time, asking the question "Can't we drop this? Can't we risk it, now? Can't we trust each other?" And always the answer, sadly acquiesced in, is "No—not yet."

And how does it all end?

Well, one day she can stand it no longer. She opens the diary and writes to him, openly, directly, swallowing the last of her pride, a love letter. "Darling: Everything was my fault, right from the beginning. Can't we start all over?" She writes on and on, feeling, not thinking, utterly reckless. Then, as she loses impetus, she puts the book hastily back into the drawer without rereading it—for fear she would tear out the pages and burn them—and runs out of the apartment, gloriously late for another committee.

All day long she is thinking of him, picturing his face as he reads, imagining their next meeting. How will he react? How will he handle it? Will he be waiting for her when she gets home? Will he take her in his arms? Will he blush and stammer, the cute way he did when they got engaged? Or, best of all, will he say nothing at all at first, just put her into a taxi and drive to one of the little places where they used to go after their honeymoon and dine with her, watching the lights on the water and being wonderful and gentle and understanding? Perhaps, if he could get leave, they might even fly down to Florida for a couple of days. Like a wartime wedding, almost. . . .

She gets back to the apartment around five, the earliest she can manage. It is a little shock of disappointment to find that he isn't in the living room, or in his bedroom, or the study. She had prepared herself to go straight into the big scene. But maybe he has just run out to buy—orchids? And, anyhow, she quickly reflects, I must be looking like the wrath of God after that crush at the Fighting French tea. I'll have time to bathe and slip into something a bit more suitable.

She opens the door of her room. And stops, as though she'd run slap into a brick wall. There he is, by the writing table, with her open diary in his hand.

They stare at each other. It's difficult to say which one looks the more guilty, the more idiotically surprised. Then, with an instinctive gesture which is straight out of the nursery, he tries to hide the book behind his back. This is the final, fatal mistake. The situation, which the wit of a Voltaire, the grace of a Casanova, might, up to this moment, still, conceivably, have saved, now passes beyond all human control; the conditioned reflexes swoop down and tear reason to shreds. "How dare you!" she screams, snatching the diary from him. She tries to rip it across and fails, for the leather is tough, so she throws it at him instead, and misses. After this there is nothing to do but run away, anywhere, out of the room, out of the house. He shouts after her to come back, she's crazy, but he's mad at her, too, for he has been very badly startled; then he starts to laugh, trying to steady his nerves; presently, when she doesn't return (she has gone to an aunt on Long Island), he packs his bag and moves to a hotel, where he gets drunk. He writes to her next day, and the letter is returned unopened. He is a bit surprised to find that, after all, he doesn't care much; the link has been well and truly broken. Some months later they are divorced.

But perhaps I am being too pessimistic? Maybe Bright Boy could straighten things out for them? He has my blessing. Let him try.

—CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

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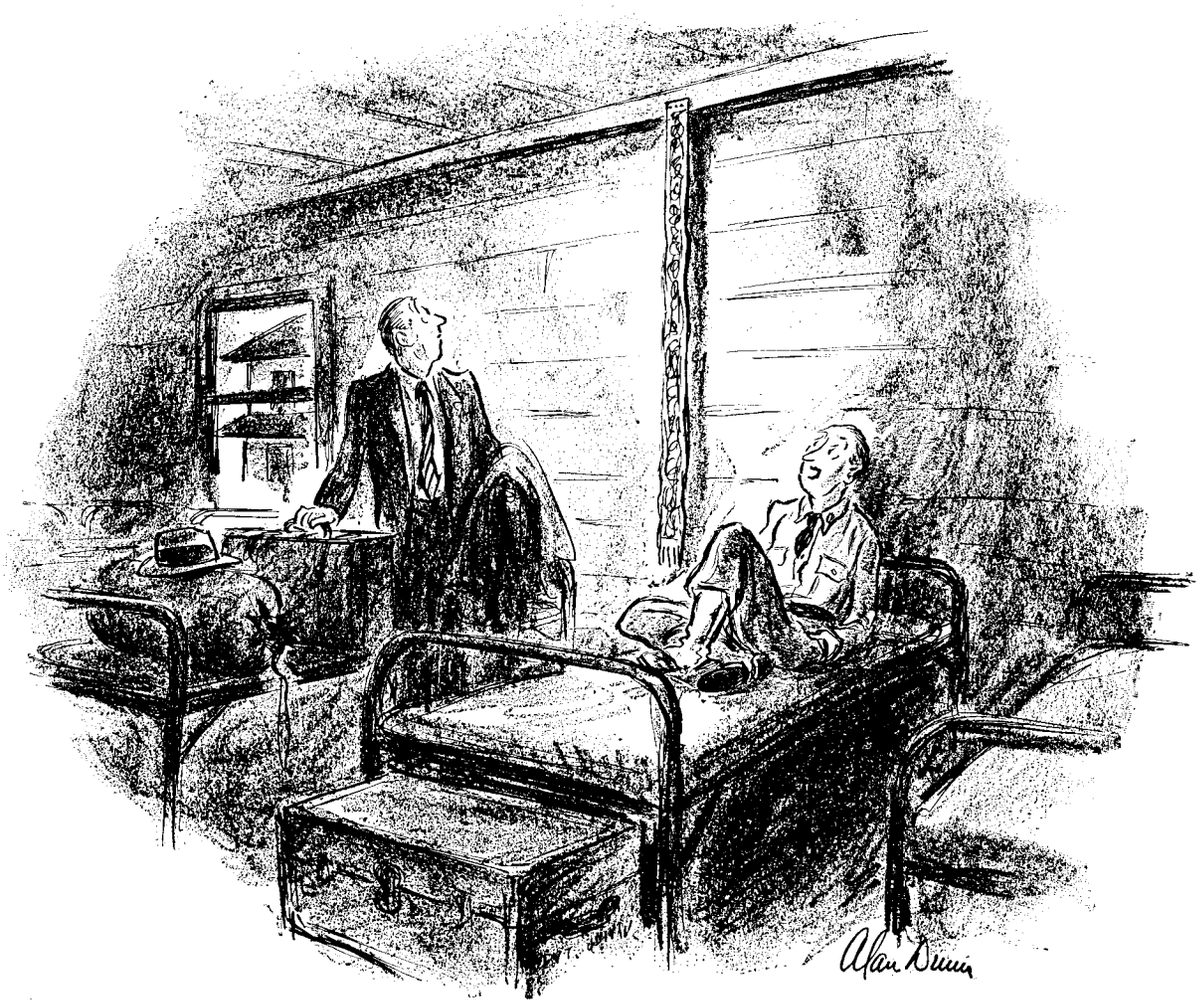
### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*A former officer in the French Army, quoted in the Tucson Arizona Star*]

"Laval, they used to say in France, would double-cross his own mother. It is not impossible that he'll double-cross Frenchmen, Americans, and Germans alike if he gets a chance. He is rather unreliable."



*"It's just a gag—nobody really comes."*

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# HOMECOMING

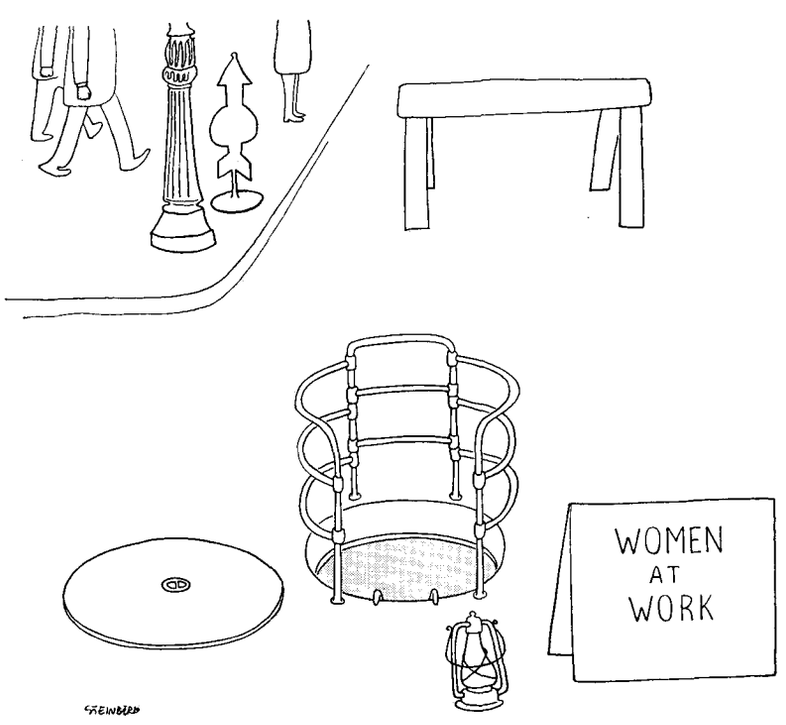
WHEN Mrs. Scott's son, Richard, wrote her that he was going to be married, she spent the morning telephoning to her closest friends. "Richard's going to be married, so he writes," she said, "and he's already rented a small apartment. I suppose that Toledo was just too much for him, living in a hotel and everything. I suppose he's just lonesome and wants a *home*. Although goodness knows how he can plan to have a home, moving about the way he does, six months here and eight months there. . . . No, I've never met her. All I know is that her name is Helen Voorhees and that he must be in love with her, or he wouldn't be marrying her, would he?"

When she had finished telephoning, she sat down at her Governor Winthrop desk and wrote Richard a letter on heavy pale-gray paper. "My dear Richard:" she wrote, "Your news came as a surprise. I am delighted, of course, that you appear to be so happy, and I hope everything will turn out for you as splendidly as you seem to think it will. I hope that 'Helen' (such a pretty name! 'Helen, thy beauty is to me Like those Nicaean barks of yore, That gently, o'er a perfumed sea, The weary, wayworn wanderer bore To his own native shore') understands that you are indeed a 'weary, wayworn wanderer' and that you have told her all about how you have to 'pull up stakes' every few months, especially now when you may be called goodness knows where on defense work. I am sure you *have* told her, and I am sure she is a very remarkable young woman and understands that a consulting engineer's work makes this necessary. I want you to be *fair* to her. Thank you, my dear boy, for asking me to make the trip to Toledo for the wedding. There is nothing I would like better to do, but I am going to curb my impatience, and who knows but that someday in the distant future you can bring 'Helen' *home*. I feel that I would rather see her for the first time in my own little place, where I am surrounded by the memories of your dear father and your own happy boyhood, and not in Toledo, a city about which I know nothing and where, I am sure, I would feel *most* strange. That is, I think I would, as I gather from your letters that it is indeed a 'jumping-off spot.' Would you like me to send your books on to you? There they sit on their cozy shelves in your bedroom, but I am sure they miss you! And the things in your bureau and in the toy chest. What about them? Would you care for any of your pictures, or would you prefer that they remain on the walls of your bedroom, where they have hung for so long? I am afraid that in moving them spots will show where the wallpaper has faded, but that is a minor detail and deserves no consideration. Write me, my dear son, and I will do as you wish. Now, my fondest love to 'Helen' (my, what a popular name that was with young mothers of thirty years ago!) and tell her that I will write her soon. Affectionately, Mother."

In reply to her letter, Richard wrote that he would let her know about his things later. And Mrs. Scott, with set lips, dusted his books and put them in cartons, ready for shipping. She stripped the pictures from his walls and packed them in a barrel, together with his framed collection of butterflies, some shells, souvenirs of the summer they had spent at the shore, his school and college trophies, and the stuffed owl he had shot when he was ten. As the owl, its wings spread and its glassy eyes staring, had been his most prized possession, she sprayed it with Larvex, wrapped it in tissue paper, and placed it on the top of the barrel. Then she pushed the barrel and the boxes of books onto the sleeping porch, drew down the shades in Richard's room, and closed his door. Her face was stony. "This is the way he wants it," she thought.

Before Richard had been born, his room had been built expressly for him by adding an L-shaped wing to the ground floor of the house. It was a large, sunny room that faced south, and it had its own bath and a sleeping porch. To be sure, when he was a baby the room had been used solely as a playroom, and Richard had slept in a crib next to his mother's bed upstairs, so that she could hear him if he cried in the night. During this interval, Mr. Scott had been moved to the small, sparsely furnished guest room, where he had remained, without adequate closet space, until the day of his death. When Richard was six and had to be made into a little man, he was transferred downstairs to his own handsome quarters. For a week after the move, Mrs. Scott slept on the couch in the living room, and then, somewhat reassured by the fact that Richard was taking the change beautifully, she uneasily took to her own bed once more.

Richard, his mother boasted, was a difficult child. It pleased her to remember that he was eighteen months old before his food stayed on his stomach for any length of time. By his eleventh birthday, he had run the gamut of children's diseases, knocked a chip off a front tooth, broken his ankle, got hopelessly behind in his arithmetic, and been run over by a Mrs. Forman, who was innocently backing out of the Scotts' driveway after a successful afternoon at bridge. Richard was only bruised, but Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Forman had not spoken for years afterward.




THE day of Richard's wedding, his mother sat in the living room of her house in Monroe, Connecticut, and thought about him. The door that led to the screened side porch was open, and although it was almost unbearably hot outdoors, the

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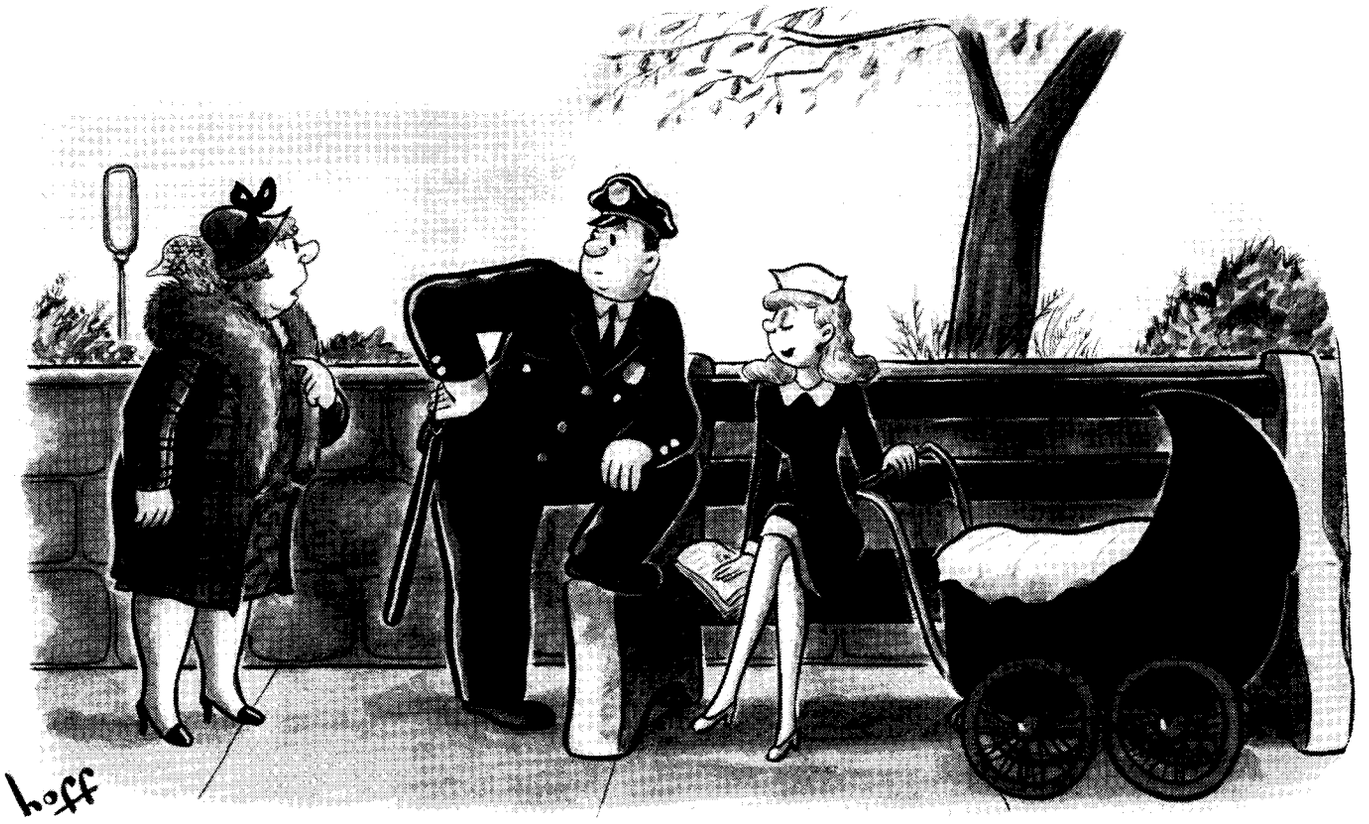


*"I hate to be a wet blanket, Officer, but I wish to report my purse has been snatched."*

• •

room was pleasant. A bowl of stock and old-fashioned pinks on the low pine table gave a spicy scent to the air, and the revolving spray made a cool sound as it played on the lawn. The lilac bush by the window drooped in the heat, and a fly buzzed and battered itself against the screen door of the porch. Mrs. Scott sat very still, her small, square hands folded in her lap, her feet, in their neat black oxfords, crossed daintily. In spite of the weather she wore a thin black wool skirt that reached to her ankles, a black silk blouse with a white collar of Irish lace, and a black velvet band around her throat. Her hair was damp from the heat and curled in soft rings at the nape of her neck.

The afternoon dragged on, and as the time of the ceremony drew near she arose, and going to the door that led to Richard's room, she opened it and stood on the threshold. The room looked strange and uninhabited; the mattress on the bed had been folded over and covered with newspapers; the bureau top and the bookshelves were bare; and the blue-and-white wallpaper showed ugly spots where the pictures had been removed. The air was close and smelled strongly of camphor. For a few minutes she stood looking at the narrow bed, at the boyish severity of the furnishings, the practical gray of the rug, and the square solidity of the toy chest. It was a boy's room, she thought, and nodded her head in satisfaction.

Mrs. Scott was glad she had written Richard, in reply to his suggestion that he and Helen might come East on their honeymoon, that she was sure they would be better off by themselves. It was shocking to think of jars of powder and creams on the bureau, indecent to think of scented feminine things hanging in the closet that had known only the acrid smell of youth. Someday, she thought, someday, if the marriage lasted and if he insisted on bringing Helen home, she would move another bed into the guest room. It was the most she would do.

She closed the door and went back to her chair, where she sat watching the clock. When she was sure the wedding was over, she sighed, and her eyes filled with tears. She went to her desk and began to write. "My dear boy: So you are an old married man now! You will understand, I know, when I say that I cannot believe it. It was warm here today, but pleasantly so, and I felt for you this morning when I read of the 'hot spell' in the Middle West. I hope you weren't hurt by my seeming indifference to your suggested visit here, but to tell you the truth, my dear son, I didn't feel 'up to' the strain of entertaining 'newlyweds' (what a horrid word!). If, however, you could slip off for a few days sometime in the near future by yourself, I would love to see you and hear all your news, which must be very exciting indeed! This morning, Red Curtis passed the house on his way to play tennis. He is spending his furlough with his mother, and he looked well. He was surprised when I told him you were being married this very day, and he looked such a boy with his nice tan and his mop of red hair that it gave me a shock when I realized that there is only a few months' difference in your age and his. I am sure Mrs. Curtis is delighted to have him home with her once more. I told him I hadn't laid eyes on you for almost two years, but that it wouldn't be long, I hoped, before you were home for a brief visit. Write me, my dear boy, as I am anxious to know how things are working out for you. Affectionately as always, Mother. P.S. My very best to 'Helen,' too, of course!"

THE summer drew to a close, and from time to time there were letters from Richard, and even, at first, long and detailed letters from Helen. Mrs. Scott answered Helen's letters

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conscientiously and briefly within a week after she had received them, but her letters to Richard were warm and bore the small bits of gossip that she thought he would want to hear.

It was the end of September when she received a letter from him that made her almost dizzy with happiness. It was still hot in Toledo, he wrote. They were pretty sick of their small apartment, but as he was about to be shifted around again, there was no sense in looking for another place. He thought it likely that he would be sent on to the plant in Bridgeport, and if it meant a short stay there, he and Helen had been debating whether or not it was worth while for her to make the move with him. Probably it would be better for her to stay with her family. The way it looked now, he would only be a month or so there, and then on to Detroit for a really decent stay of a year or more. There was the expense of moving, and money didn't grow on trees, and hotels cost such a hell of a lot. And what did she think?

Mrs. Scott answered cautiously. She suggested that if the stay in Bridgeport was such a short one, it might be more practical if he came alone. In that case he could live at home and have his old room, which was perfect for one person but might not be too comfortable for Helen. There was the little car, too, she reminded him, which he was more than welcome to, and he could drive to work in about an hour. "I hesitate," she added, "to interfere in your plans, and if 'Helen' has made up her mind that she would be better off waiting for you in Toledo until you are more settled, I would not like her to change on my account. This is a rather dull little town in the winter, and I suppose, like all young women, she feels happier surrounded by her own friends."

She was not surprised when Richard wired her that he was coming East and coming alone. She flew into a fever of activity. She opened the windows of his room and let in the sharp autumn air. She unpacked his books and arranged them on the shelves: "The Call of the Wild," "Mooswa," "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," "Les Misérables," "Rob Roy," "The Pirate," the sets of Tennyson, Dickens, and Mark Twain. She brought bound volumes of *Popular Mechanics* down from the attic and arranged them on the lower shelves along with the "Motor Boys" and the "Aviation Boys" series. She polished his silver trophy cups and hung his rifle on the wall where it always used to be, between the picture of the dead moose and the photograph of the senior class at the Monroe Grammar School. She opened the toy chest and rearranged the Meccano sets, the small sailboats, the catcher's mask, and the boxes of games, noticing as she did so that the things looked almost new, as though they had not been played with very long or very hard. It reminded her how Richard had tired of his toys—more quickly than most boys. She brushed the stuffed owl and placed it on Richard's bureau. It was so large that there was scarcely any room left for his military brushes and his comb. She put fresh curtains at the windows and made his bed. When she had finished, she gave a last look around. The room had recaptured its personality and was what it had always been—a boy's room.

YET, oddly enough, as she waited at the station for him the next day, she was nervous. And when he stepped off the train it was a moment before she recognized him. He looked taller and thinner, and as he kissed her, he seemed impatient and hurried. They drove away from the station in silence, over to the Post Road, under the fading elms. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and saw that his mouth was tired and petulant and that his clothes were almost shabby. When they turned onto the dirt road that led to the house, he smiled and drew a deep breath. The autumn sunlight was a warm gold, and the fields were rich with purple asters and harsh yellow goldenrod. Ahead of them the hills rose, bronze and hazy. "Smells good," Richard said.

"I've always thought this was a particularly pretty little spot," Mrs. Scott answered.

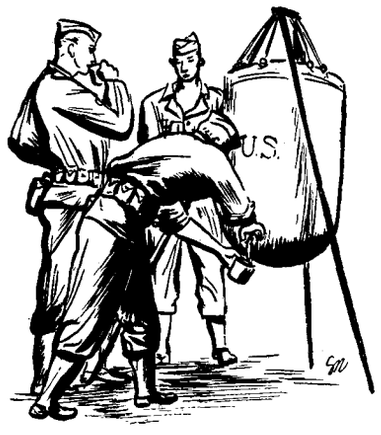
The house was clean and quiet. The kitchen clock and the clock on the mantelpiece in the living room sounded noisy as they entered. Mrs. Scott took Richard by the arm and pulled him toward his room. "It's just the same," she said. "Just as you left it."

He flung his suitcase on the bed and stood looking around. "Well, I'd better wash up," he said. He opened his bag and took out his razor, shaving brush and soap, hairbrushes and comb. He carried them to the bureau and moved the owl to one side. "Have I time for a bath?"

"Oh, of course," his mother answered. "Of course, dear. Will a half-hour be all right?"

"Sure thing." He took a clean shirt from the bag and laid it on the foot of the bed. Mrs. Scott watched him as he unfastened his tie. When he had loosened the top button of his shirt, he stopped.

"Oh!" his mother exclaimed. "Well, I have a few more things to do before dinner is ready, and I'll leave you to yourself."




## TENANCY

Dear element, surround me while I live.
Against thine honoring air my breath is drawn.
Thou art my climate, art the rising lawn
Upon whose view my earthly windows give.

Thou art my strengthening hills, thou art my night
To whom I trust the oblivion of my sleep,
The ocean where, secure from hostile light,
Shift and disband the currents of the deep.

Its ships withdrawn, still ebbs and flows the sea;
With none aware, the seasons ride their belt.
Shorn of their flocks, fields know no vacancy.
Be thou my tenement in whom I have most dwelt.
Be thou my grave; oh, let me die ere thee.
What serves the creature if his world shall melt?

—CLINCH CALKINS

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When she left the room, he shut the door after her.

Although Mrs. Scott had planned the dinner with loving care, it was not a success. Richard ate the tender slices of roast beef, the late garden peas, the delicious brown biscuits, and the flaky apple pie without comment. His face was sulky, and she racked her brains to think of small, interesting bits of gossip that might make him laugh. He listened to her quietly, occasionally asking questions which showed that he was not sure what she was talking about. "Who's she?" or "I don't remember him. What did you say his name was?"

After dinner he went into the living room and listened to the radio while she washed the dishes. And later they sat listening to the radio together, scarcely speaking, until almost ten. Suddenly he switched it off and looked toward the clock. "If it's all right with you," he said, "I think I'll turn in."

She followed him to the door of his room. "I think you'll find everything."

"Oh, sure," he said. "Sure."

"I'm afraid I haven't had a chance to ask you about Helen." Her voice was as casual as though she had said she had forgotten to ask how his new bicycle worked.

"She's O.K. I wired her when I got to Bridgeport."

"Well, dear—" She lifted her face, and he kissed her on the cheek and closed the door.

Mrs. Scott pulled her rocking chair close to the fire and sat down. She breathed softly, so that she could hear Richard as he moved about the room. For almost an hour she sat, trying to imagine step by step what he was doing, what things his hands lingered on as they touched. His light still shone under the door, but he was so quiet that she wondered if he might not have fallen asleep.

She got up and opened his door. The first thing she saw was that the owl had been moved from the bureau, and in its place was the picture of a girl. She was not an especially pretty girl, and Mrs. Scott, staring at her, realized that she had nothing to fear.

Richard lay face down on his bed. He had not even undressed. As his mother stood in the doorway, he turned and lifted his head, and she saw that he must have been crying. He looked very young, almost as young as he had been when he cried because she would not let him have a canoe. She had given in finally about the canoe, and before very long he had tired of it and had begged for a boat with an outboard motor. She sat down on the bed beside him. "My!" she said. "If you knew how funny you look in that little bed! If you hadn't rushed me so, the other one would have been here. I was saying to Mr. Norton at the furniture store only this morning that you'd probably outgrown it and that it certainly would not do for *two* people.

"You see," she went on hastily, "I've been rather daring and taken matters into my own hands. I decided it was rather—well, rather selfish of Helen not to be willing to come East with you. Sometimes I don't understand the young women of today."

Richard sat up, and his face was puzzled. "But Helen—" he began.

"I can understand your wanting to make excuses for her," his mother said. "But in my day a wife's place was with her husband. And if you want my opinion, she'd better give up her foolish ideas and come East as fast as she can. *Her* place is with you."

She arose briskly and walked toward the door. Richard's eyes were clear and he looked happy and excited. For some unaccountable reason her mind travelled upstairs to the storeroom, which was full of the other toys that he had begged for and that she had given him. And she smiled when she remembered that they were as good as new.

—Sally Benson

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*"And this one sinned by breaking the Eighth Commandment."*

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**Lost.** Eisenberg Roach on Main Street. Reward. Phone 1019-1.—*Adv. in the Clinton (Ind.) Daily Clintonian.*

Sounds like simple carelessness.

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*"Once and for all, no! You can <u>not</u> run for Congress."*

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# PROFILES

## LEGEND OF A SPORT—III

THE late Wilson Mizner was fond of moralizing. When younger men came to him for advice, he told them that the great rule of life was "Never gamble except with a little the best of it."

He was at times content with a very small advantage. In the Klondike he had trouble with the Northwest Mounted because he had five deuces in a deck, the minutest possible degree of dishonesty. His approach to any topic was a calculation of odds. Writhing with agony from an attack of appendicitis, he was told that he was to be operated on by a surgeon who had performed eighteen successful appendectomies in a row. Mizner handed a roll of bills to his pal Lew Lipton, of Broadway and Hollywood, saying, "See what odds you can get that I don't break his run."

He preferred odds of 100 to 0 in his favor and often made arrangements which insured those odds. He was also ready to accept odds of 51 to 49 in his favor, and he would rather gamble honestly than not at all. When he became a celebrity in New York in 1906, through his marriage to the wealthy Mrs. Yerkes, a news dispatch from San Francisco gave an idea of his range and versatility as a gamester. A ferryboat had stopped in San Francisco Bay at the cry of "Man overboard!" A lifeboat was lowered and the sailors found Mizner treading water, a stopwatch in his hand. He had a bet on the length of time necessary for his rescue. He was walking across Times Square once with "Honest" John Kelly, the famous gambler and referee, when a streetcar knocked over a fish wagon. A lobster and a crab landed side by side on the pavement and started for the streetcar tracks. "A hundred on the lobster," said Mizner, but Kelly wouldn't bet.

Worshippers of the memory of Mizner credit him with winning a ship's pool on the Atlantic run on four consecutive days by special arrangement with a ship's officer, but they tell the story in so many different ways that it hardly rises to the dignity of history. He won a good deal by betting on Jess Willard to beat Jack Johnson in their bout in Havana in 1915. By a simple device, he had convinced himself that the fight was fixed. A few days before the bout he cabled, "What shall I do?" to Jack Johnson. Johnson and Mizner were

close friends. Mizner reasoned that if the fight was on the level, Johnson would cable enthusiastically about his chances of winning, and that if it was a fake, Johnson would not reply at all. After two days without word from the black champion, Mizner bet everything he had on Willard.

Mizner won $10,000 on a big race in England by characteristic foresight. On the day of the race, Mizner, who was living at the Hotel Claridge, at Forty-fourth and Broadway, had a late breakfast in his apartment with a New York businessman who was famous for his eagerness to back his judgment on any subject that came up. The two men began to deplore the fact that they had failed to bet on the race. Mizner offered to put up $200 just to increase their interest in the event. His guest snorted at such a picayune sum and said, "Let's make it ten thousand." Mizner said he didn't have that much; his guest insisted on trusting him for it. Mizner sipped highballs, talked, and studied the entries for a long time. Finally he chose the horse listed in the newspapers as No. 7. An hour or two later they went downstairs. The evening papers were out with the news that No. 7 had won. Mizner had picked No. 7 advisedly. Across the court from his room he had a confederate whose telephone was connected with a poolroom. When the confederate got the news that the horse had won, he went to his window and held up five fingers of one hand and two of the other. Mizner then made the bet on No. 7.

He won a roll of bills at Atlantic City once by a game which was halfway between a lucrative practical joke and a crooked gamble. He and some other sports were lounging along the boardwalk betting on anything in which they could find an element of chance, such as which of two sun bathers would be the first to go into the water or which of two swimmers would be the first to come out of it. One of the party noticed a pair of gigantic feet sticking out of a window on the first floor of one of the boardwalk hotels. The owner of the feet was out of sight, apparently lying back in a chair. Mizner and his friends began to guess how tall the man was, from the evidence of his feet. Finally they backed their guesses with money. Most of the bettors placed the man's height at well over six feet. Mizner made the lowest estimate. With a curious disregard of the principles of human symmetry, he guessed five feet one. When the money was up, they called on the man in the hotel room. He was a dwarf, 4 feet 6 inches tall, with No. 11 shoes. Mizner had brought him from New York and planted him there, figuring he could probably win a few bets on the man's paradoxical physique.

WHEN Mizner squandered his inventiveness on a practical joke, it was usually for a moral purpose. A news story from San Francisco at the time of his marriage to Mrs. Yerkes described a singular effort in this field. He was en route to Nome in 1899 when his steamer, the Portland, was caught in an ice pack and carried into the Arctic. For a time the ship was partly gripped in ice and partly surrounded by water. The passengers spent tiresome weeks trying to amuse themselves. One of their pastimes was that of making life miserable for Professor Blankenshrift, a hypnotist, phrenologist, and astrologer. The basic complaint against him was that a man who could read the stars should not have got himself in a jam in the Arctic Ocean. His efforts to hypnotize his fellow-passengers failed, and the poor old Professor was nearly driven out of his mind. Mizner was a natural champion of the underdog and a born friend of any charlatan. One day he dived over the side of the ship with his clothes on, swam around a while in the freezing water, and then climbed up on the ice and from the ice to the ship. He be-

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gan to shout that he was going to kill the Professor. "He hypnotized me into it!" screamed Mizner. The Professor hid for a while and then emerged with his prestige restored.

Mizner once employed a practical joke for the purpose of giving Nat Goodwin, the famous comedian, a lesson in ethics. Goodwin had pleaded to be allowed to be Mizner's confederate in a crooked card game. The comedian didn't want ill-gotten money, but he craved experience. Mizner explained that he was playing on the level at the time because all his fellow-players were as sophisticated as he was. Goodwin, a hero-worshipper, would not believe that Mizner would stoop to honesty under any circumstances. He continued to plead for a chance to help swindle somebody, and Mizner finally gave in. He promised to bump Goodwin's knee under the table at the point when the crooked work started. After the game had been going for three or four hours, Mizner bumped him and then handed over a new deck for Nat to deal. The actor dealt the first three cards but failed to get the fourth off the deck. He struggled furiously with the fourth card. Finally he noticed that everybody was grinning at him. In order to instruct the actor in the principle of honor among thieves, Mizner had driven a nail through forty-nine cards, leaving only the three top cards loose.

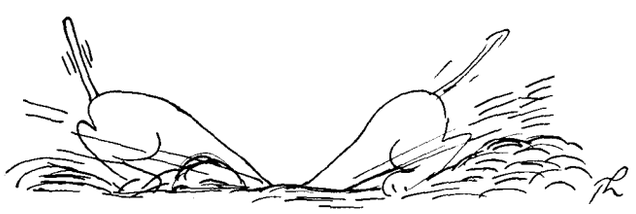
On another occasion Mizner used a practical joke to remind a young woman friend that he had given her a warning. He had advised her not to spend a weekend with some people with whom he had quarrelled. He had insisted that she would be bored; she had insisted she wouldn't. During her visit a present arrived for her. It was a bulky object, fussily beribboned. She started to unwrap it in the presence of her hostess. Finding Mizner's card in it, however, she hurriedly introduced another topic of conversation and then carried the gift to her room. It was an enormous pie. A rope ladder and a file were concealed in it.

WHETHER he was playing on the level or had a little the better of things, Mizner was a pretty consistent winner at gambling. But even when he was taking large pots and enjoying considerable royalties from Broadway hits, he succeeded in living up to his revenue. At some periods of his career women kept him solvent; at others they kept him broke. When he was in luck he was a prodigal buyer of furs, diamonds, and other antidotes to indifference. He held his own with the big spenders back in the pre-income-tax, champagne-for-the-house days. His resourcefulness in getting rid of money was illustrated by a front-page scoop in the *World* on December 19, 1912, describing a poker game played by Mizner, John Shaughnessy, Nat Evans, and George Young Bauchle. With stakes running into tens of thousands on the table, Mizner said, "I can't bear to spend Christmas in New York. If I win this hand, I'll take you all to Europe and show you around as long as the money lasts, provided you go to the boat with me as soon as the hand is played." Mizner won. He, Shaughnessy, and Evans hurried to the Mauretania and boarded it without baggage. Bauchle remained behind.

Evening it up with the *World*, the New York *Press* got a front-page scoop by cabling to Mizner on his arrival in London for an account of the expedition. It was an Iliad of hardship. According to Mizner, there had been only one toothbrush and one mustache cup among the three. He added that they were in a tramplike state because of their inability to buy clothes and other equipment in London on Christmas Day. "All the stores and theatres, not excepting Westminster Abbey, are closed," he cabled. Serious trouble arose, he reported, because Shaughnessy's racial prejudice against Englishmen took the form of a blanket announcement at a big Christmas party: "If there's any battle of the Revolutionary War that remains undecided, I'd like to fight it over again."

Later, in Paris, Mizner took his guests out for a nine-course dinner at nine different restaurants, each course being something for which one particular dining place was especially noted. Correspondents in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent kept New York readers posted on such activities. Toward the end of the trip Mizner was accused of trying to drive his companions home before all the money was spent. He failed to move them, even though he bribed orchestra leaders to play "Home, Sweet Home" incessantly. They stayed with him until his money was gone.

Because of his fame as a collaborator with Paul Armstrong on the play entitled



## EXILE

He happens to be a French poet, that thin,
book-carrying man with a bristly gray chin;
you meet him whenever you go
across the bright campus, past ivy-clad walls.
The wind, which is driving him mad (this recalls
a rather good line in Hugo),
keeps making blue holes in the waterproof gloss
of college-bred poplars that rustle and toss
their slippery shadows at pied
young beauties, all legs, as they bicycle through
his shoulder, his armpit, his heart, and the two
big books that are hurting his side.

Verlaine had been also a teacher. Somewhere
in England. And what about great Baudelaire,
alone in his Belgian hell?
This ivy resembles the eyes of the deaf.
Come, leaf, name a country beginning with "f";
for instance, "forget" or "farewell."
Thus dimly he muses and dreamily heeds
his eavesdropping self as his body recedes,
dissolving in sun-shattered shade.
*L'Envoi:* Those poor chairs in the Bois, one of which,
legs up, stuck half-drowned in the slime of a ditch
while others were grouped in a glade.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

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*"You know, Florence is going to be a 'Budget Bride.'"*

• •

"Deep Purple" in 1911 and on "The Greyhound" in 1912, Mizner was called in to doctor a London girl show. He filled it with strokes of genius from the American vaudeville stage; it was a success. When he heard cries of "Author!" he said, "There isn't room enough on the stage to hold all the authors."

Mizner became interested in the lobby advertising signs for this show. They were samples of a new German process for reproducing masterpieces. Even the roughnesses of the surface and the frayings of the canvas were imitated. Since his life in the Yerkes mansion, with its famous art collection, Mizner had been deeply interested in old masters. Although not a professional fence, he is supposed to have protected hot merchandise of this kind, holding stolen canvases until the owners had been induced to sell them for a fraction of their real value. Postgraduates in Mizner lore have credited him with "protecting" the "Mona Lisa" for a time after it was stolen from the Louvre; he is said to have received it rolled up in a cardboard cylinder and to have held it for a year or more without knowing what it was. This report, however, is widely at variance with the orthodox "Mona Lisa" story.

Mizner's first step toward exploring the possibilities of the new German process was to take one of the reproductions to a pawnbroker, who, with gleaming eyes, made an extravagant loan on it. His next step was to send his friend, E. Ray Goetz, with samples to America to raise money to acquire the American rights to the invention. New York customs officers seized the samples in the belief that they were originals; on this showing, Goetz had no difficulty in borrowing $50,000, which he cabled to Mizner. There was a battle on in London between various interests which wanted to control the invention in the United States. The European promoter of the process, an inexperienced and bashful individual, had just made the discovery that there was a whole sex composed entirely of women. Mizner closed the deal by using half the chorus of his show as his negotiators.

MIZNER opened the Old Masters' Art Society, on Fifth Avenue near Forty-second Street, in 1913. The reproductions were sold at upward of $100 apiece. One hotel bought several hundred and hung them in the bedrooms. For a year or so business was good, but then it began to suffer from competition with cheaper processes. Mizner was forced to cut prices. He came down to $65 for Da Vinci's "Last Sup-

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*"I'm a little worried about my collateral. Are you sure you're keeping the pressure up to twenty-eight pounds?"*

• •

per," but would not budge further. "I won't take less than five dollars a plate for it," he said.

Mizner's merchandising manners were not of the best. Neither were those of his general manager, an ex-bartender named Bert. The salesrooms formed a labyrinth, in which visitors occasionally got lost. The lighting was controlled by a master switch. Once, when a customer tried to beat down prices, Mizner said, "Bert, turn off the lights and let this son of a bitch find his way out."

At about the time Old Masters folded, Mizner had another inspiration. He established a tipster service in New York in collaboration with Tod Sloan, the disbarred demigod of the turf. The jockey's great contribution to racing had been his method of cutting wind resistance by stretching himself along his horse's neck. Jeered at when he introduced his monkey-on-a-stick style in England, he was taken more seriously after he had ridden twenty-one winners in his first season. Sloan constantly whispered in his horse's ear, and it was widely supposed that they had secrets. At one time he was bitterly assailed for making unethical promises to horses. But the thing that gave him highest prestige as a tipster was the fact that he had been ruled off the turf on a charge of complicity in a betting ring. The combination of the bad reputations of Sloan and Mizner caused a rush to buy their tips. But after three days, in which they failed to pick a single winner, business fell off, and the tipster service was soon discontinued.

The Millionaires' Club was another of Mizner's New York enterprises. Among its appointments was a 300-pound man with a resemblance to William Howard Taft, who at the time had only recently left the White House. This man was always seated in a huge armchair in the reading room, with a highball in his hand and a newspaper before his face. As people could tell at close range that he was not Taft, strangers were led to the door of the room for a look but were requested not to enter. They were told that the old fellow hung out there because it was the most exclusive club in town and the one place where he was sure of not being disturbed. Although chief owner of the club, Mizner posed as a casual patron so that he could bring suckers in without embarrassment. He had steered in a gorgeous prospect one evening when the place was suddenly thrown into an uproar; Taft had sunk a knife into a waiter for persistently bringing him highballs with hardly any whiskey in them. During the turmoil the sucker fled. Meeting him a few days later, Mizner said, "Can you beat it, the way they kept that story about Taft out of the papers?"

MIZNER was a star witness on March 14, 1918, at a John Doe inquiry into gambling in the Court of General Sessions. According to the *Sun*, which treated the inquiry with some flippancy, it all started when a German baker, who had lost $35,000 to Mizner at chemin de fer, started to pay off in doughnuts. The *Sun* asserted that tens of thousands of doughnuts were piled up in front of Mizner's apartment on West Forty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue. One of the questions put to Mizner was how long he had played chemin de fer. "Since infancy," he said. The investigators, learning very little from Mizner and other witnesses, concluded the inquiry without indictments.

Mizner denied on the witness stand in a Magistrates' Court on August 28, 1918, that he lived entirely by gambling. He testified that he had a half-interest in a tannery in Newark and did scenarios on the side. The charge against him was that of assaulting Herman Frank, an actor, in a Times Square restaurant. Frank had accused Mizner of stealing a Ziegfeld beauty from him. According to the testimony, Frank had sent Mizner a challenge to a duel in Van Cortlandt Park and written the challenge in blood. On cross-examination, Mizner said that he didn't write scenarios but that he telephoned them. Referring to a screen drama of which Mizner was the author, the opposing lawyer said, "Do you mean to say that you gave that to the motion-picture company by telephone?" "Yes," said Mizner, "and they paid me by telephone." Like most of the criminal charges against Mizner, the assault

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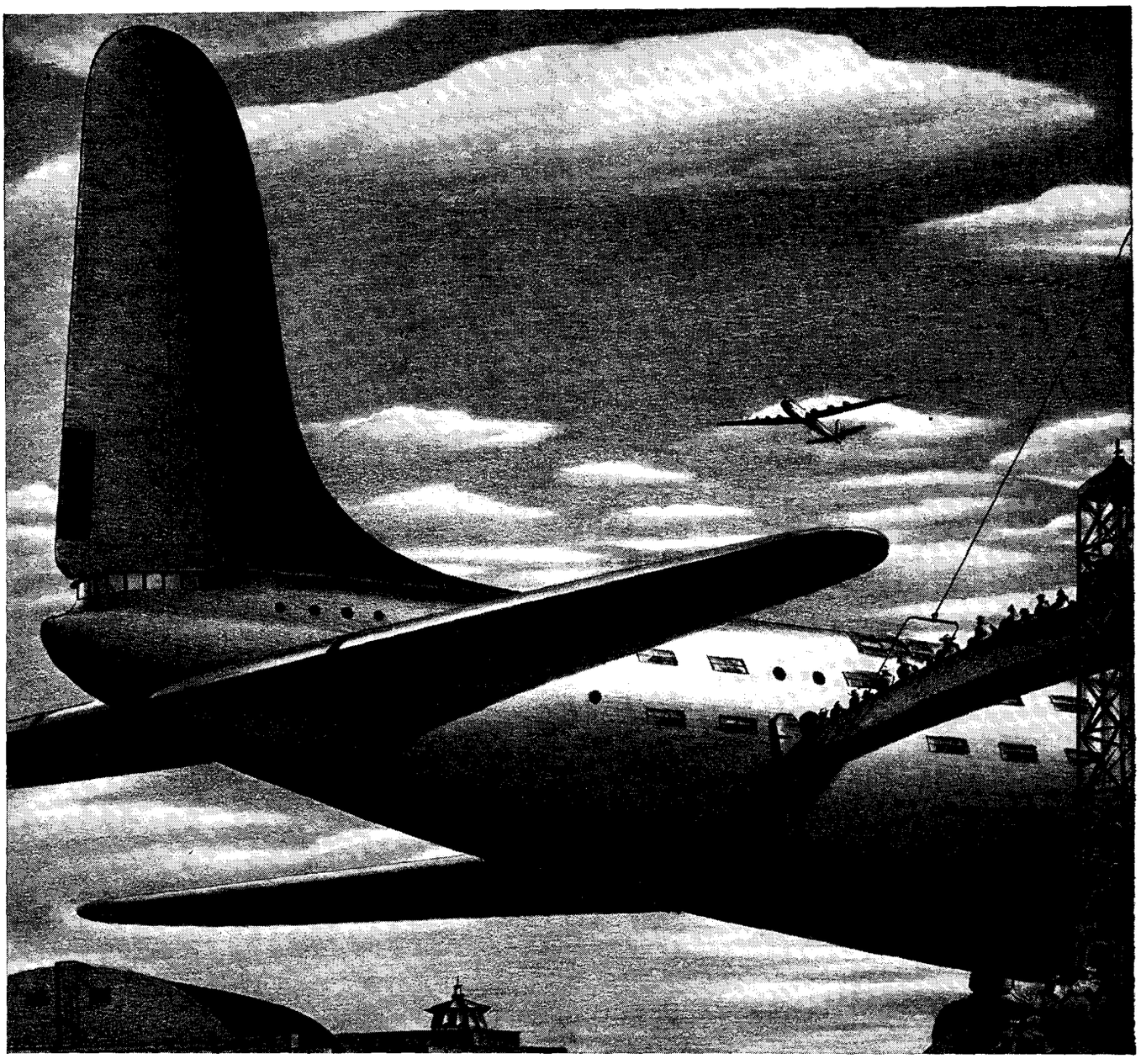

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• • •

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charge evaporated somewhere in the judicial processes.

Mizner occasionally called together his close friends for an opium-smoking party, a social diversion which was smarter a quarter of a century ago than it is today. It was the practice of opium-smokers to cover doors and windows with wet sheets, partly to keep the fumes from escaping and partly to exclude fresh air, which opium-smokers regarded as a dangerous gas. Mizner was entertaining friends in a hermetically sealed room in a hotel on Times Square one day in November, 1918. One of the guests complained of a tingling in his ears. Before long he said that it amounted to a positive jingling. Others experienced the same thing. One asserted that he could almost swear he heard sleigh bells. They attributed it to an impurity in the opium and forgot it. Some hours later, Mizner went out. He came back with news of the armistice.

At one time Mizner added the sniffing of cocaine, or "snow," to his amusements. Instead of concealing little failings of this kind, he always exploited them for their comedy value. He was seated at a table playing faro in a New York hotel when a man entered in a fur coat covered with white flakes. "It's snowing hard," said the newcomer. Mizner hailed a bellboy. "Boy," he said, "take my nose and hang it out the window."

After intense suffering, Mizner broke himself of the drug habit. It was asserted that in his later life he was a "social drug-taker." A Los Angeles police physician is quoted as asserting that Mizner was the only man except Sherlock Holmes who could take drugs or let them alone.

WILSON MIZNER's brother Addison was becoming famous as the great Florida architect in the early twenties. He organized the Mizner Development Corporation and put Wilson in as vice-president and treasurer. With wealthy backing, they began to sell lots at Boca Raton on the strength of drawings of projected hotels, civic centres, country clubs, yacht basins, polo fields, and Venetian canals. For a time the sales were enormous. One of the investors was Otto Kahn, who, after being shown over Boca Raton by Wilson, said in an interview with a correspondent of the *Morning Telegraph*, "I went there a complete skeptic, but came away impressed and convinced."

Before long General T. Coleman du Pont and other wealthy backers of the corporation had an intuition that Wilson was not the ideal treasurer of a great company. Addison insisted that Wilson was up to the Florida standard. However, feeling strongly that Wilson was a drag on the prospects of Boca Raton, General du Pont offered him $1,250,000 for his holdings. Wilson was indignant. He thought du Pont was trying to rob him. Mizner was so interested in the Boca Raton promotion that he even went into the field and sold lots himself. One day he hurried to the bank in the afternoon to deposit $5,000 in bills. The bank was closed, but he could see clerks at work inside and considerable activity outside. He pounded on the front door. A clerk shook his head at him. "It's Wilson Mizner!" shouted Mizner. "Let me in. I'm in a hurry." He pounded and shouted until the door was opened. He was thoroughly put out because they had used the excuse that the doors were closed to refuse to accommodate him. His Florida prosperity had made him a little stuffy. He berated them for keeping him waiting and insisted that they should take the $5,000, whether they wanted to or not. He roared them down when they demurred and forced the deposit on them.

Next day he found that the activity outside the bank had been a run on the bank. He lost $110,000 in earlier deposits, but the loss of the last $5,000 hurt most. He never trusted a bank thereafter. Up to his death, he kept his money in safe-deposit vaults.

The bank-closing was a preliminary tremor. The Florida crash came a little later. It wiped Wilson out completely. He went to southern California, posing as a millionaire idler, but he was really looking for a job. His Florida experiences had broken his spirit to the extent that he was willing to do honest work. His friend Lew Lipton, who was then producing pictures, got him a job as a writer. Sound pictures were just coming in. Mizner scored heavily with the dialogue he wrote for "One Way Passage," one of the most successful of the early talkies. Deciding to settle down in the picture colony, Mizner joined H. K. Somborn, one of Gloria Swanson's former husbands, in opening the Brown Derby restaurant.

ONE of Mizner's few innocent pastimes was the singing of sentimental lyrics. He loved the old songs, especially those which glorified the simple virtues. In his younger days he had a fine baritone voice. It became rusty and squeaky in his later years but still had some command over pathos. Among his favorites were "The Chairs in the Parlor All Miss You," "When I Leave the World Behind," "The Curse of an Aching Heart," and "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." In Hollywood he spent many evenings in Jane Jones' Little Club, the headquarters of old songs. He maintained a deep attachment for his singing companions of earlier days. In autographing a picture of himself, he would usually write something like "Wanted in every state and welcome in none," but on a photograph sent to his fellow-ballad-singer, Hype Igoe, the cartoonist, he wrote, "To my little pal Hype, who spans the abyss between the boresome present and the beautiful past with a bridge of old cherished melodies."

Mizner's fondness for Igoe was based partly on the fact that they were both pre-earthquake San Franciscans. When writing dialogue for Warden Lawes' picture "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," Mizner gave a touching exhibition of his sentiment for the cartoonist. Not having seen Igoe for years, Mizner used the sound track to convey an affectionate remembrance. It was comparatively easy to hail the cartoonist through this medium, as "Hype" is a unique first name. Igoe is the only man in the world to be named after a hypodermic needle. When he started to work on the San Francisco *Examiner* at the age of fifteen, he was undersized, emaciated, and deathly pale. The Negro elevator man affected to believe that nothing but the hypodermic needle could reduce anybody to such a state. Whenever the boy approached, the elevator man would issue a prolonged cry of "Hy-y-y-pe" and go through the motions of giving himself a shot in the arm with a gigantic needle. Others took up the name, and the cartoonist has answered to it for more than forty years. In writing the Sing Sing picture, Mizner took advantage of this to give Hype a surprise greeting. He wrote in a scene showing a popular murderer leaving the condemned cell for the electric chair. The condemned man called, "So long, boys," to his fellow-inmates in the death house. They chorused back, "So long, Hype."

—ALVA JOHNSTON

*(This is the third of a series of articles on the late Wilson Mizner.)*

•

Assuming that Hitler plans a push into Transcaucasia, the Wehrmacht would face one of the most difficult of all military barriers—a mountain range, classed by Napoleon as the second greatest of all military obstacles (the dessert is first).
—*Newsweek.*

Those sweet egg dishes?

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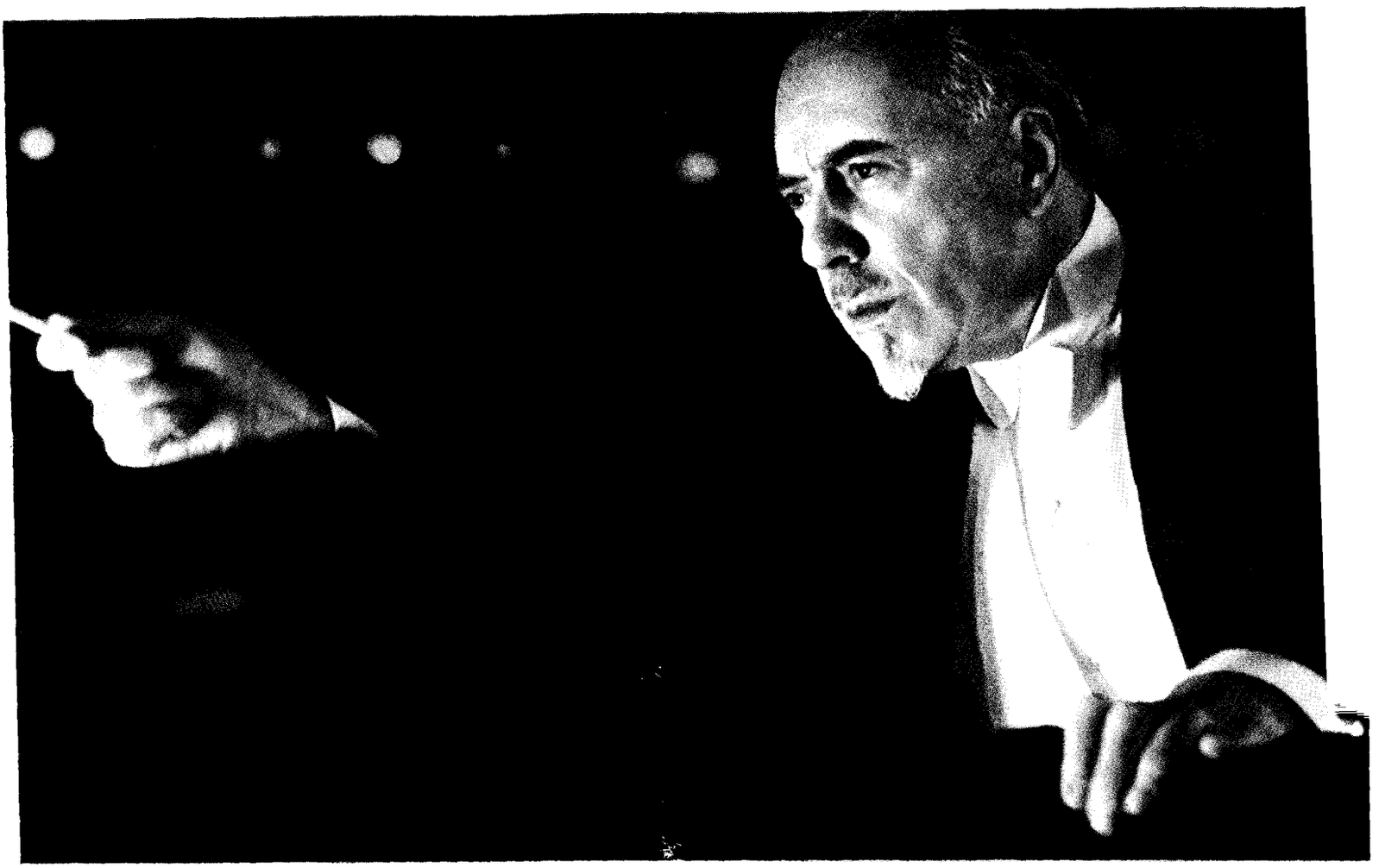

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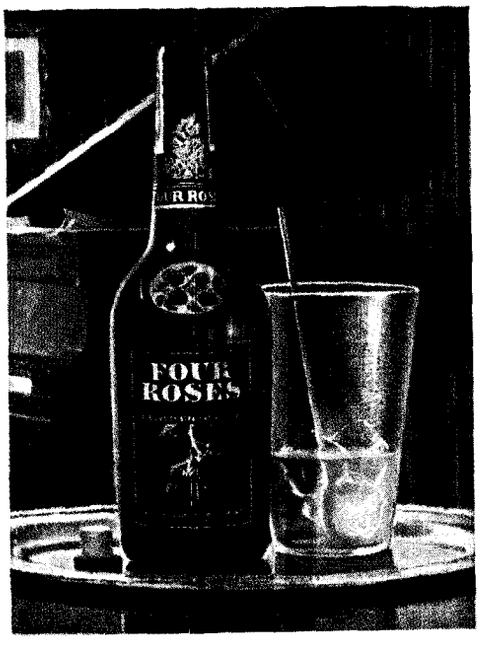
# Strictly off the record




**JIM:** I understand the Four Roses people wanted to use you in a magazine ad, Eric.

**ERIC:** Yes, but I told them I'd rather not. Being a composer, I figured they'd want me to rave about their whiskey being a symphony of virtues, Number One on the sip parade, and all that sort of thing.

**JIM:** Judging from this grand Manhattan, that's just what Four Roses is.

**ERIC:** Sure—strictly off the record, it's tops! In fact, anybody who hasn't tasted Four Roses recently, doesn't know what he's been missing. It's the one whiskey I know that makes a perfect Manhattan Rhapsody!

**JIM:** Now you're talking like a composer in a Four Roses ad, Eric!

**ERIC:** I guess you're right the only way I know to desc magnificence of today's Fou Tell you what, Jim—on thought, I'll let them quote me in a Four Roses ad if you'll agree to be in it too.

**JIM:** It's a deal. Let's seal the bargain . . . with another Four Roses Manhattan!

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# THE THEATRE

## PERIOD PIECE

AFTER about fifteen minutes I gave up any idea of trying to follow the plot of George Abbott's new musical comedy, called "Beat the Band," at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. It was as intricate and old-fashioned as the gingerbread decoration on a nineteenth-century boarding house in Asbury Park. It seems that Damon Dillingham, a band-leader, subleased an apartment from a man named Higgins, the godfather of a beautiful Latin number called Querida. I am a little vague about the details, but somehow or other, to my negligible surprise, Querida showed up, accompanied by a duenna named Mamita, who was something of a sweetmeat herself. Inevitably, musical comedy being what it is, the ladies mistook Mr. Dillingham for Mr. Higgins and were agreeably surprised to find him handsome, musical, and by no means senescent; or, to be specific about it, Jack Whiting.

From here on, I'm afraid, everything went more or less black. After considerable monkeying around of a whimsical and romantic nature, everybody set out for Washington, where, it appeared, Mr. Dillingham and his band had a contract to play in the ballroom of the Savoy-Perkins Hotel. Well, there was a fight about something (perhaps I forgot to mention that this Dillingham was a notorious troublemaker) and presently the maestro and his gang found themselves condemned to work out the rest of their contract in the boiler room. Again, to nobody's particular surprise, this joint rapidly blossomed into the most popular night club in the capital, so that in the end everybody was happy, with the possible exception of a few morose, elderly men occupying aisle seats. It is hard to believe that Mr. Abbott, in his present mood, is the same man who was once largely responsible for "Pal Joey," perhaps the most adult of all musical comedies, but he is. The theatre is full of more or less fascinating mysteries, and the prevalence of split personality among producers is hardly the least of them.

"SHOW TIME"

*Both these gentlemen should be as familiar to most of you as the acrobats or the trained seals. For the benefit of the children in the audience, however, they are George Jessel and Jack Haley, and they are appearing in the current vaudeville show at the Broadhurst.*

Aside from its hypothetical plot, "Beat the Band" is pleasant enough. Mr. Whiting, of course, is an engaging performer, who knows as much about this form of entertainment as anybody else in the business. Susan Miller, the ingénue, is forbiddingly described in the program as a recruit from the moving pictures and the radio, but she is largely without the peculiar brassy self-assurance usually implied by such a background, and I found her attractive. The others include Romo Vincent, a genial comic of impressive dimensions; Eunice Healey and Juanita Juarez, two talented girls with remarkably handsome legs; and Leonard Sues, who is certainly one of the most accomplished trumpet players in the world.

I think, however, that if you happen to admire "Beat the Band," it will be principally because of the music and lyrics, which have been provided by Johnny Green and George Marion, Jr. Probably nothing conveys less to the reader than the titles of songs he hasn't heard, but I can't help noting that "Steam Is on the Beam," "America Loves a Band," and maybe "Every Other Heartbeat" are as spirited and literate as anything I've heard this season. The dances, directed by David Lichine, are gay and expert, especially when a young man called Johnny Mack takes part in them, and the physical aspects of Mr. Abbott's production are, as usual, impeccable. On the whole, I suppose you could have a fairly good time at "Beat the Band," provided you didn't bother your head over what the characters were talking about.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 18 (BY CABLE)

THE public had a right to look thoughtful this weekend, what with every public speaker, from the Prime Minister down, telling it that the war was about to enter a new and sombre stage and the headlines announcing that the Stalingrad struggle was already in one. Most Britons feel that it isn't much good trying to read between the lines of official utterances, particularly since the eighty-day period which the Minister of Production had darkly predicted would be the crowning test ended recently, leaving everyone much as they were before and irritably wanting to know what the dickens the Minister had meant anyway. The Minister explained that he had simply picked on eighty days as a handy sort of time interval, in which, after all, plenty of things were bound to happen.

Millions of Englishmen, no less anxiously than millions of Russians and Mr. Willkie, had hoped that a second front was one of those things. Now that summer is gone and the tweeds of last year but one are being tenderly lifted out of the mothballs, there's less talk about the opening of a major Continental offensive in 1942, although Fleet Street continues to plug for or against it, depending on editorial policy. The *Times*, the Leftish *News Chronicle* and *Daily Herald*, and the Beaverbrook papers have all, with varying degrees of caution, consistently advocated early military action. The *Telegraph* thinks that bigger and better bombers over Germany is the best method of aiding Russia at the moment, the *Daily Mail* roots for keeping the northern supply lines open at any cost, and the *Manchester Guardian* wistfully asks its readers to consider the attractions of a diversion on the Italian coast. The papers skirted uneasily around the Stalin letter, like well-bred guests trying to ignore the fact that a dinner companion has shaken dynamite out of his dinner napkin.

Although there appears to be a lull in the shouting for a second front, there was plenty of impassioned discussion last week over the British retaliations for the German chaining of men taken prisoner at Dieppe. This produced a lively letter from Bernard Shaw asking whether the tit-for-tat system might be expected to stop short of the total exter-

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mination of the human race. On the whole, the general opinion seems to be that the official handling of the affair wasn't quite as clean-cut as it might have been and that, anyway, the game of frightfulness is not one that Englishmen play well, in spite of the German High Command's accusations. The shackling of the English boys captured at Dieppe naturally roused keen anger here, but most people think that the government was batting on a far better moral wicket before it gave the order which clapped manacles on a corresponding number of German wrists. Those who hoped that Rudolf Hess might be picked out for a little retaliation were brusquely disillusioned by a press announcement that he was protected from anything of the kind by virtue of being a specially privileged prisoner of state. The Parliamentary rumor, which cropped up at about the same time, that one of the special privileges might turn out to be Frau Hess understandably didn't make a great appeal to the worried relatives of missing Dieppe men.

WHILE waiting for the big raids, which all but confirmed optimists expect this winter, Londoners have been flocking to the Royal Academy Planning Committee's show of drawings of the postwar London, which, it is hoped, will rise from the sites conveniently cleaned out by the Luftwaffe. The key exhibit is a vast map showing the principal railway stations linked up by an arterial road bridged by overhead highways. Apparently the planners are crossing their fingers and betting on St. Paul's continuing to dodge the bombs, since this Wren masterpiece dominates many of the proposed layouts. "But where is Swan & Edgar's?" one matron indignantly demanded as she surveyed the new Piccadilly Circus, in which Eros on his fountain will find himself among lawns instead of flower girls. The scheme proposes to banish Covent Garden Market, so that future operagoers at present in their cradles won't have to trip over cabbages on their way to Wagner.

WHAT is bothering lots of citizens, however, is not so much what sort of London they're going to look at years hence as how they're going to get a living in London right now. Last week the president of the Board of Trade announced that he was giving attention to the problems of small shopkeepers, many of whom complain that they're in danger of being squeezed out of business by a too generous allocation of sup-

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plies to larger stores. The little grocer round the corner who at best has had a tough time keeping going, what with blitzes and the drift of customers to less vulnerable communities, claims that housewives are taking their baskets and cash to the big chain stores, which offer goods such as he never sees. It now seems likely that some sort of zoning regulations will be introduced, restricting shoppers to their local districts.

The government's determination to make it as difficult as possible for people to spend money anywhere, locally or otherwise, is reflected in a new announcement that towels are to be considered as clothing and rationed accordingly. With hot water, soap, and now towels restricted, Britons mournfully suspect that cleanliness will not only be next to godliness but just about as difficult to attain this winter.

A MOVIE that is drawing crowds is the magnificent "In Which We Serve," which is the life story of a destroyer, written, directed, produced, musically scored, and starred in by Noel Coward. The real star, however, is the Navy. Lots of Englishmen, who were made a trifle warm under the collar by "Mrs. Miniver," are glad that America is at last going to have an authentic picture of how the British acted under bombings, came back from Dunkerque, and generally conducted themselves in times of acute stress and strain. None of the anxious wives and mothers in this picture is a Greer Garson, but you should like it nevertheless.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

. . . Ralph Beatty drifted in through the little sitting room . . . —*From "Footsteps in the Air," by Susan Wells, page 159.*

Beatty came drifting back in almost no time with a page from the encyclopedia cached in a pocket. —*Ibid., page 162.*

Ralph Beatty drifted vaguely from the room . . . —*Ibid., page 163.*

Meanwhile, in the early-morning light, Ralph Beatty drifted in his inimitable fashion along the second-floor veranda . . . —*Ibid., page 206.*

Beatty drifted . . . toward the veranda door . . . —*Ibid., page 206.*

Beatty drifted to the doorway . . . —*Ibid., page 207.*

And then he turned slowly and moved toward the door, Beatty drifting in his wake. —*Ibid., page 209.*

Then Midas was swinging open the doors of the library, Beatty drifting after him like a purple shadow.—*Ibid., page 209.*

Presently Beatty drifted alone from the room. —*Ibid., page 211.*

The tide will turn and we won't see Beatty any more.


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## WHATEVER GOES UP

WHEN Mavis came to work in our promotion department there was a flurry of excitement, for up to that time the department had been all male. The office manager introduced her to us all as Miss Byrne. Later on she informed me she was married. "My Social Security number's under my maiden name, Byrne," she explained. "That's why I still use it." She mentioned her married name and then walked away, looking as if she wanted to cry.

Mavis was pretty and would have been beautiful, except that her face was warped by what seemed to be chronic petulance and discontent. She wore nice clothes but without seeming to care about them. One day I asked her if she had been married long. "Eight months," she said. "It seems like eight days."

She did her work well, and hated it. "God, if I would only get fired!" she'd say, a dozen times a day. "I'd just collect my unemployment insurance and take life easy for a while." Sometimes she'd add, "Whatever did I get this job for, when I really don't have to work?" Also, she had a habit of suddenly drooping and then disappearing. Fifteen minutes later she would return to her typewriter, dabbing at her dewy eyes with a lace handkerchief. I wondered why she cried so much. A week or two passed, and she told me. Her husband was in the Army and leaving, she thought, in about two weeks for an unannounced destination, perhaps Alaska. It preyed on her mind all the time, she said.

"Is your family here?" I asked.

"No," she said, "they live in New Jersey," managing to convey the impression that even in New York they would have been useless to her. "The only person in town I can depend on is my brother-in-law, but he's kind of a dope. He's in the Navy—stationed here permanently. Do you know what he does with his spare time? Goes to the Public Library and *reads*. Imagine a sailor going to the Library! The only book Tom—that's my husband—ever read was 'Riders of the Purple Sage.'"

After that conversation, Mavis and I were good friends. She rarely listened to anything I said to her and she spoke a good deal of her likes and dislikes, the latter being greatly in the majority. One day I asked her to have lunch with me if she didn't think her husband would mind. "I never eat any more," she said, "but I'll go out with you if you want company." She drank a Coca-Cola and ate nothing except the dill pickle that came with my sandwich. "Food simply

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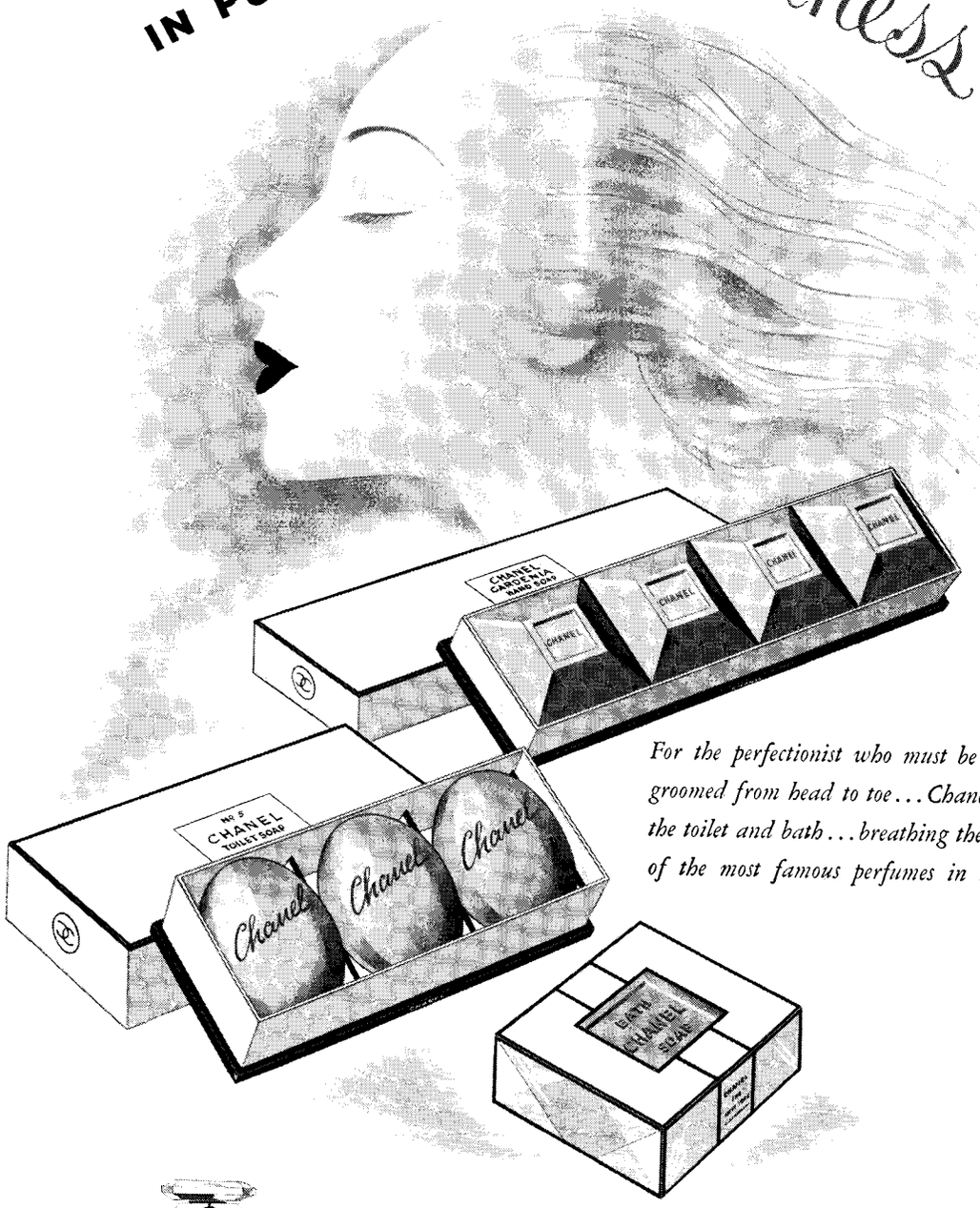


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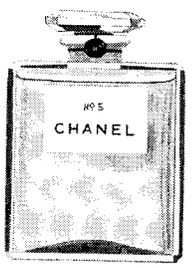


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nauseates me these days," she said, and sighed. I must have looked concerned, for she added hastily, "Oh, no, no. It's not that."

After I finished my dessert—Mavis had urged me to eat, saying she liked to see a hearty appetite, even if she didn't have one herself—we walked down the street. "Let's walk fast," she said. "I feel as if I'm going to bust out crying any minute, and I don't want to disgrace you or make a spectacle of myself in public. When a man and woman are seen in public and the woman is crying, it's usually for one reason. Oh, I wish Tom would be gone and the whole thing over with!" In silence we walked the rest of the way to the building where our office is. As we rode up in the elevator she said suddenly, "Maybe I'll get some sleep after he's gone, if I don't lie awake all night, worrying about him. He's got so little time left he wants to go out and celebrate every night. But last night he had to work, and I got to bed before three the first time in two weeks."

Mavis always looked fresh as a dryad, but she was forever complaining of being dead on her feet from lack of sleep. Also, she was either too hot or too cold or she had a splitting headache or an awful pain in her back. Sometimes the room was too stuffy and sometimes she was feeling faint. Her moods fascinated me, or, rather, her mood did. It was practically always the same, with only the most subtle variations. I wish I could describe the many different ways Mavis had of looking sad. After she came back from her three-o'clock-in-the-afternoon cry in the ladies' room, she invariably seemed refreshed, like a flower after a mild sprinkling. "Anyway," she announced one day, apropos of nothing, "he won't be unfaithful to me in Alaska. There aren't any women up there, except Eskimos, and they live in snow houses, don't they? It would be too cold. Tom's very cold-blooded."

By way of comfort, I told her that I had heard the mosquitoes were terrible, too, in the short Alaskan summer, when, presumably, a man might be moved to make love.

"Well," Mavis said with a sniff, "they never were a handicap to him over in New Jersey."

A FEW mornings later, Mavis walked up to my desk and exclaimed, "Please excuse me for not smiling! I just can't. It would crack my face. He's going tonight, and I can't bear it. By the way, have I ever shown you his picture?" She fished a snapshot from her bag. I said I thought her husband was handsome and cut a fine figure in his uniform. That only made her look more mournful.

"Are you going to see him off?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I got special permission to. From his captain."

Mavis dissolved into tears at least once every hour all that day, and there was an air of finality in everything she did. When she took a letter out of her typewriter, one felt, watching her, that it was the last letter that she would ever write. "I hope nobody speaks to me tomorrow," she said to me. "I just won't be able to stand it." Out of sympathy for Mavis, I'd been doing half her work, and I found myself dreading the next day, too. Actually, it turned out, I had no reason to. Mavis entered the office like a peach blossom wafted by a breeze. She wasn't wearing a new dress or a new hat that morning, but everything about her looked brand-new and sparkling. Her smile was radiant. There seemed to be only one explanation: that her husband hadn't gone, after all. I waited for a detailed account of what had happened, but Mavis was serene and aloof all day. She hummed as she worked. I didn't speak to her unless she spoke first, and was as wary of this new mood as I had been of the old. At four o'clock in the afternoon she had a telephone call, which seemed to make her even happier. At five, just before she left the office, she came over to me and said, "Do you know how it is, that nothing in this world is irreplaceable?" She beamed. "When someone dies, somebody else is born. Whatever goes up, something is bound to come down. Well, my husband's train had just left and was hardly out of sight when another one came into the station. I watched the passengers get out, even though I was crying like anything. They were soldiers up from Panama. One of them just stared at me and dropped his bag. Through the blur of tears I didn't recognize him at first, and maybe I wouldn't of anyway, he was so improved, but he turned out to be a boy I used to know in New Jersey. I never liked him very much—I was only a kid then—but now he's a first lieutenant. Well, he's going to be here quite a while, and he doesn't know a soul in town, or anything about New York. Of course, I had to go out with him last night. It was only doing my patriotic duty."

Mavis put her hat on, and took great pains with it.

"I don't suppose I'll *ever* get caught up on my sleep or reading now," she said, and tripped out, humming.

—AMBROSE FLACK

• •

## SO THAT'S WHO I REMIND ME OF

When I consider men of golden talents,
I'm delighted, in my introverted way,
To discover, as I'm drawing up the balance,
How much we have in common, I and they.

Like Burns, I have a weakness for the bottle;
Like Shakespeare, little Latin and less Greek;
I bite my fingernails like Aristotle;
Like Thackeray, I have a snobbish streak.

I'm afflicted with the vanity of Byron;
I've inherited the spitefulness of Pope;
Like Petrarch, I'm a sucker for a siren;
Like Milton, I've a tendency to mope.

My spelling is suggestive of a Chaucer;
Like Johnson, well, I do not wish to die
(I also drink my coffee from the saucer);
And if Goldsmith was a parrot, so am I.

Like Villon, I have debits by the carload;
Like Swinburne, I'm afraid I need a nurse;
By my dicing is Christopher out-Marlowed,
And I dream as much as Coleridge, only worse.

In comparison with men of golden talents,
I am all a man of talent ought to be;
I resemble every genius in his vice, however henious. . . .
Yet I write so much like me.

—OGDEN NASH

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SINGAPORE GIN SLING
NORTH POLE

*Apricot Liqueur*

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FRAPPE
STINGER
LONG GREEN

*Triple Sec*

WHITE LADY
BETWEEN THE SHEETS
SIDE CAR

*Creme de Cacao*

COMMODORE
ALEXANDER
ANGEL'S TIP

De Kuyper cordials are made today in America identically as in Holland by Dutch experts carefully trained by the de Kuyper family. For generations past, people here and abroad have known and loved these fine cordials as ideal after-dinner liqueurs. Today they are equally famous for making delicious cocktails. On this page, expert mixers give you fifteen recipes for smart drinks made with de Kuyper cordials.

## *Cherry Liqueur* (50 PROOF)

POUSSE CAFE: ¼ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ¼ de Kuyper Triple Sec (or de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur). Use liqueur glass and pour ingredients carefully in order listed above so that they do not mix.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING: Juice of ½ lemon, dash of bitters, 1 oz. de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, 2 oz. gin, garnish with cherry. Fill with club soda.

NORTH POLE: ⅓ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ⅓ gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 white of egg. Shake with ice, strain in claret glass, with whipped cream on top.

## *Apricot Liqueur* (74 PROOF)

APRI-COOLER: 1¼ oz. de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, in a 10-oz. glass, juice of ½ lemon. Stir with ice. Fill with club soda.

PARADISE: ⅓ gin, ⅔ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.

NATIONALE: ⅓ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

## *Creme De Menthe* (60 PROOF)

FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.

STINGER: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe (white), ⅔ brandy. Shake with ice, strain.

LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

## *Triple Sec* (80 PROOF)

WHITE LADY: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec. ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ gin. Shake with ice, strain.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ gin. Add a dash of lemon juice if desired. Shake with ice, strain.

SIDE CAR: ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake with ice, strain.

## *Creme De Cacao* (60 PROOF)

COMMODORE: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ⅓ rye or bourbon whiskey, ⅓ lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain, serve in champagne glass.

ALEXANDER: ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ gin, ¼ sweet cream. Shake well with ice, strain.

ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full with de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, add a little sweet cream, pour slowly onto a spoon, float the cream.

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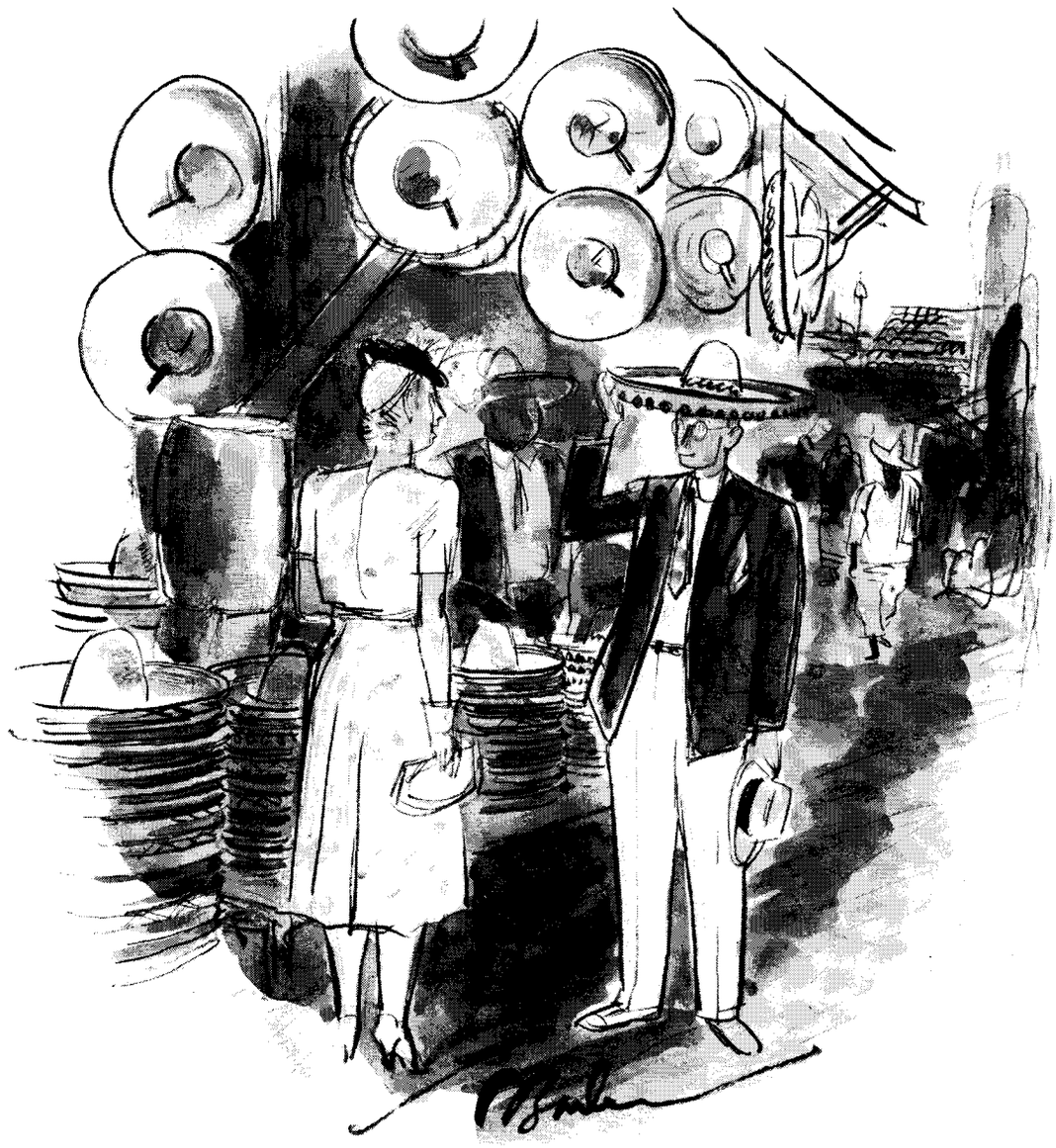
# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## MY MOST SWEETEST SMILE

Miss Albertine Bry is a slender, twenty-eight-year-old Dutch girl with light-brown hair, gray-green eyes, and an unusual temperament. She talks quietly, sitting precise and erect in her chair, her hands in her lap, and she looks very much like a girl who has led a sheltered life. Actually, she has been at sea during the better part of the last three years, mostly as a nurse on Dutch transports, and she knows her way around this worldwide war as few girls, or men, for that matter, do. In carrying out her duties, she has had a remarkably involved itinerary thrust upon her and has covered, she figures, no less than seventy thousand miles. I met Miss Bry not long ago through a friend of mine who is with the Netherlands government-in-exile. Speaking English, though with a decidedly Dutch accent, she told me something about her travels.

Miss Bry was born and grew up in Vlaardingen, a small town a half-hour by trolley from Rotterdam. Her upbringing was strict. She went to elementary and secondary schools at the Christian Institute for Girls in Rotterdam, commuting from Vlaardingen by trolley and not dawdling along the way. She spent most of her time with her mother and three sisters. Her father, a journalist, was away from home a good deal, and died when Albertine was fourteen. After the Christian Institute, she attended a teachers' college in Dordrecht, and graduated with a degree in Biblical archeology and a license to teach plain needlework in grade schools. She stayed at home a year, got bored, and, no longer attracted by a future concerned with temple dimensions or teaching sewing to the young, decided to become a nurse. She spent three years as an apprentice in a hospital in Gouda, earned her nurse's cap, studied maternity work, and then took a job in the Coolsingel Hospital in Rotterdam. Soon, Miss Bry told me, she grew tired of the barracks-like life of the institution, but her mother was not well and Miss Bry stayed on to be near home. Early in 1939, the mother died, and Miss Bry, feeling free then to do as she wanted, quit the hospital and got a job as a nurse on the Dutch liner Nieuw Amsterdam. Her three sisters, eminently conservative, tried to talk her out of it by telling her stories they had heard about the loose habits of seamen. Albertine, a girl with a mind of her own, went ahead and sailed, and liked the life.

Albertine has not seen her sisters since she left Rotterdam on her third voyage, three weeks after the war began in September, 1939. The Nieuw Amsterdam was laid up following its arrival in New York because Dutch officials decided that it was too risky to send the big ship back through the mine fields of the English Channel and North Sea. "I stay in New York two months, three months, and sightsee," Miss Bry said, "and then the next spring our ship made cruises to Bermuda, and then to South America, and I went along as ship's nurse—babies and seasick people. On one trip I spend every day taking care of old, fat man who was seasick from time we sail till time we finish. But most of time I am busy bandage little cuts and settle stomachs." The Nieuw Amsterdam was off Venezuela on one of these cruises the following May, when the radio carried the news of the German invasion of Holland. The captain instantly called a halt to the cruise and set sail for New York, where the ship was laid up again. Miss Bry waited a while in New York and then volunteered to ship as a nurse on the Pennland, a Dutch vessel which was to go to England and pick up British women and children who were to be evacuated to America. When the Pennland got to England the Dutch and British au-



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thorities decided not to use the ship for evacuees, after all, but to convert her into a troopship. Miss Bry was asked to stay aboard and minister to the Dutch captain and crew.

"The Pennland," Miss Bry said, "got very nice christening as troopship. Her first voyage was to carry those famous Free French troops—very tough people. It is my good luck I didn't have to nurse them. The troops have own doctors who take care of them. I just look after crew—work in pharmacy, where I keep medical supplies and give first aid. Wait around for accidents to happen, like factory nurse. We were ordered to go to Dakar, and everybody is optimistic as we sailed. That famous De Gaulle went with us on another ship, and there were also British and Moroccan troops. We have a little difficulty. On our boat is a Frenchwoman, dressed like a soldier, who had come on board with Free French corporal. We didn't know she was with us until three days out. She looked more like a man than a woman, but she had very womanlike voice, which gives her away. We didn't know what to do, so we asked the French commander. 'Is she in French soldier's uniform?' he asked us. We said yes. 'Then,' he said, 'treat her like French soldier.' That solved the difficulty."

Dakar, she told me, was heartbreaking. The Pennland hung offshore and the people aboard watched the grandson of Marshal Foch and some other officers go in toward shore in a motorboat flying a white flag, to talk to the French Governor. "The Governor," Miss Bry said, "was a Nazi man, and the men on shore shot at the grandson of that famous Marshal Foch, even though he had a white flag on his boat. We stay offshore next two days and a half while the British attack. We can hear the guns and can see airplanes fighting. When you are on a ship, the fighting and bombing give you a very uneasy feeling. You cannot run away or hide in the cellar like on land. The Frenchmen on our ship are very excited. I think they would like to fight, but De Gaulle did not call for them. Then we sailed away. It was such a poor show! This time our ship goes down the coast toward Freetown. The shortage of water aboard is bad, and we had to bathe in salt water, which wasn't pleasant, and we don't have enough to drink. Our captain signal a British ship we needed water and they sent us some. We were happy, but there was oil in the water and we couldn't drink it, so then we were unhappy. At Freetown we loaded water, and went on to Victoria in British Cameroons. The French soldiers were very tough and angry at the way things are going. They begin fight with each other, and one man was killed—a big knife along his stomach. Nobody knew who did it. At Victoria they all got off and got drunk. I have never seen such drunk. I have seen drunk on passenger ships, but not that kind of drunk."

From Victoria the Pennland went back north again to the Gold Coast and picked up Negro colonial troops, who were to be taken to Freetown. Miss Bry said that the Negroes were very pleasant passengers. They played games, held tug-of-war contests, and on hot afternoons would sit on the decks while British officers taught them the English alphabet and the Arabic system of numerals. The Negroes debarked at Freetown, and the Pennland went back to the Gold Coast and loaded German and Italian internees—missionaries, doctors, engineers, nurses, traders, and their families from British and French colonies—and sailed for the British West Indies with them.

"That trip wasn't very nice," Miss Bry said. "We have no escort. We have only two officers and fifty British soldiers on board, and we have six hundred Germans and Italians, and some of them are good engineers, and maybe they could take the ship away from us. We are worried, but nothing happened. My doctor and I had to supervise the German and Italian doctors, who treated their own people. We hand out the medical supplies and decide whether Germans and Italians sick enough to need special rooms. Also, I take care of the pharmacy as I did other times, checking supplies and keeping everything in order and putting bandages on crew when they hurt themselves. My doctor was a Czech and the Germans were nasty to him. The Germans were bad. They complained all the time. They all the time wanted their rooms changed. They wanted different kinds of food. They wanted chocolate and butter. They wanted butter *very* much." Miss Bry laughed as she mentioned the butter.

The internees were disembarked in the West Indies, to the relief of Miss Bry and the rest of the Pennland's crew, and the ship went to Canada and loaded several thousand troops for England. Twelve nurses travelled with the soldiers, and Miss Bry thought she would have a pleasant time with them because she was lonesome for feminine company. The trip over was rough, however, and the nurses were seasick all the way. "They were not entertaining to

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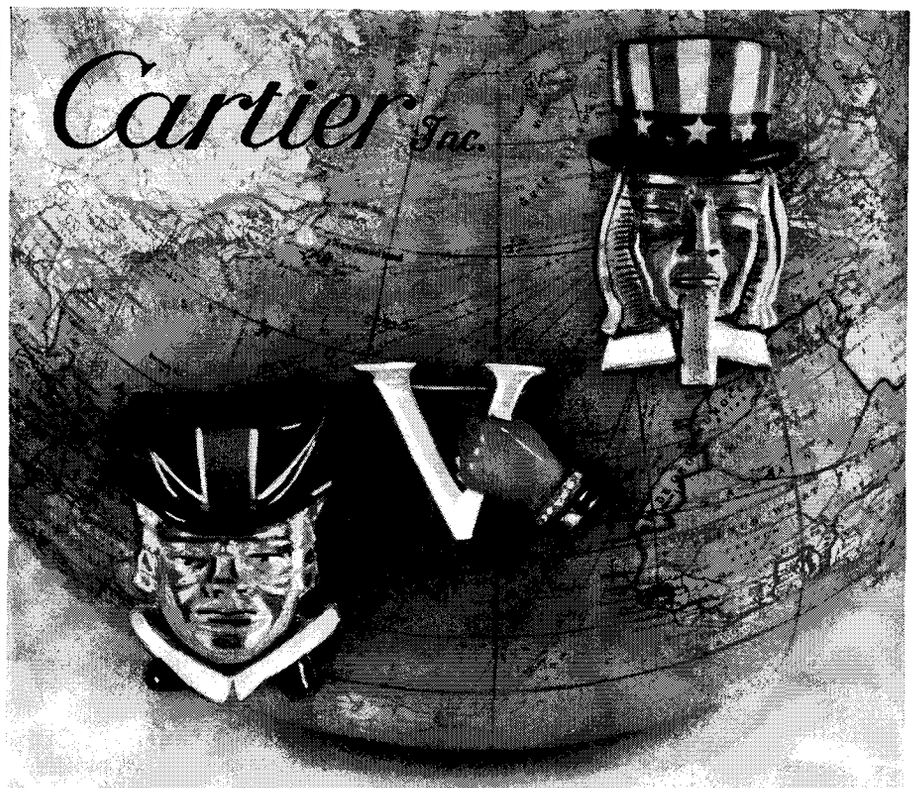
me," said Miss Bry. "I have to pitch in and nurse the nurses."

THE Pennland, which, within a period of a few months, had carried Free French, British, colonial, and Canadian troops, and the Italian and German internees, was drydocked at Belfast and fumigated. Then, free of vermin, she went to Scotland and loaded British troops and eighty English nurses, and, with Miss Bry still aboard, sailed to Freetown, on to Cape Town, Durban, and Aden, and through the Red Sea to Suez, where the nurses and troops were put ashore. Miss Bry said that this leg of her travels was almost like a pleasure cruise, with cocktail parties, dances, and considerable gaiety. After unloading, the Pennland went on through the canal from Suez to Port Said, having difficulty a couple of times in slipping past the hulks of ships which had been bombed and sunk in the narrow channel. From Port Said, the Pennland continued to Alexandria and loaded Australian troops for the Greek campaign. "The Australians very tough," Miss Bry said. The troops were disembarked at Piraeus and the ship returned to Alexandria to pick up more. By the time the Pennland got back to Piraeus, things were so hot there that it was necessary to anchor outside the bay and send the men ashore in fishing boats. "I thought that this was very sad view," Miss Bry said. "It seemed so hopeless that you should try to win a war like that when you can't even land soldiers where they belong. We start back to Egypt and we had many air attacks—bombs, bombs, bombs. I had to be in pharmacy when we had battle stations during air raids, and I could look out the porthole at bombs dropping in the water—big splashes, big noises—but we weren't hit. Very thrilling, of course."

The Pennland stayed a week at Alexandria and then was ordered back to Greece to evacuate civilians and soldiers. "Again we had air attacks," said Miss Bry. "On our second day out we were close to Greece, and we had a fierce raid at two-thirty in the afternoon. In an attack the gong rings—bong, bong, bong—and it does not matter how many times you have heard it before, it makes you feel uneasy. This time Junkers planes came over. I was at my station in the pharmacy. I heard the bombs whistle, and then came a big noise. The ship was shaking and trembling and everything was falling down on the floor. We have been hit. We are hit in the anchor machinery by the forecastle. The officers look at it, and the ma-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chinery is tangled, but we are able to sail.

"A little while after that bombing we got orders from shore, where the battle was on, to return to Alexandria without evacuating anyone, because it would be too dangerous to come in any closer, and we felt bad, because we could have carried more than three thousand people in our ship and now we must leave them in Greece. I go back to my cabin. At six o'clock the gong rang again—bong, bong, bong—and I ran to the pharmacy. I hear another big noise and I felt that this was the final part of the argument. I stayed in the pharmacy, but no one came there, not even the doctor. I wait four minutes, five minutes, and no one came. I got very uneasy. I decide to leave pharmacy and see what has happened, why no one is there. The corridors are filled with smoke. I grab my purse, which has in it my lipstick and rouge and powder, some snapshots I have made, and a little money, and I go up on deck. I see two men wounded and I kneel down on deck and bandage them. We have to leave the ship. My wounded men are picked up and put into lifeboats. Men tell me we are hit in the engine room and four men are killed. Men are getting in boats and jumping into the water. I run to one side of the ship, and men shout at me that all boats on that side are gone. I must go to other side of the ship. I go to other side, and I see that all boats are loaded, all boats are gone. Then it is lucky for me. The captain came along. The ship's motorboat was being let down by the launching machinery, and it is about in the water. The captain told the men to raise the boat again. They raise it. I step into it, and the boat went down again to the water. Everywhere are boats, and men swimming in the water, and destroyers are coming to help us. It was a very sad view to see the Pennland go down. It had been my home for a long, long time."

It was about forty-five minutes before one of the rescuing destroyers got around to Miss Bry's motorboat. When it finally came alongside, its crew threw down nets and the people in the motorboat clambered up them. "I got to the deck of the destroyer and," said Miss Bry with some disgust, "I fell down on my face. Nobody is there to help me. Men are running to battle stations. It was those Junkers planes coming back. But the destroyers drove them away." She was taken to the captain's cabin on the destroyer, and he gave her a cigarette and some brandy and coffee. After this she went to the ship's hospital and helped doctors treat the wounded from the Pennland. "This all happened in daylight," Miss Bry said, "and I was not afraid. In daylight I am all right, but at night sometimes I am uneasy. The rest of the trip is in the dark, and it is not very nice. At six o'clock in the morning they put us ashore in Crete."

ON Crete, Miss Bry, who by then was beginning to feel tired, was put right to work. She made three trips in an ambulance, taking wounded from the coast to a hospital that had been set up in a nearby schoolhouse. By four o'clock that afternoon she was able to lie down for a nap. There being no nurses' quarters at the hospital, she had to use the officers' quarters. She was awakened at five for tea. "That famous English tea," said Miss Bry. "With marmalade." The tea was interrupted by German planes dropping bombs near the hospital. "I come through that, too," said Miss Bry.

After the raid, she was taken to a hospital camp a few miles away, where she spent the night in a tent. Throughout the night she could hear the noise of bombs and gunfire. So many wounded were placed in the hospital-camp tents the next day that she had to sleep out in the open that night and the next, wrapped in a blanket under a tree. The weather on Crete was pleasant, she said, except for the cold nights. She showed me some snapshots that had been taken of her on Crete by a Dutch friend. In the pictures she is sitting under a gracefully pruned tree—the same tree.

The noise on the island never let up. Planes were always overhead and machine guns were clattering constantly in the hills. On her third day of it, Miss Bry went back to the schoolhouse hospital to consult with the captain of the Pennland, who was resting up there. It took her three hours to reach it, walking over pitted roads, past troops and files of bewildered women who had abandoned their homes. "I felt good

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when I get to hospital," she said, "because they give me water. We had so little water and food at the camp." The captain told her that the military situation on Crete was serious and that he had received orders to sail on a freighter that night but that he wouldn't be permitted to take her along. She walked back to camp, figuring out along the way that perhaps the captain had been dropping a hint and she could go along, after all. At the camp she found that she wouldn't have time to walk to the dock from which the freighter was to sail, so she asked the commander of the camp to get her a ride to the pier. He said it would be impossible. "I didn't want to fall into hands of Nazis," Miss Bry told me, "and so I do lots of talking to the commander. I gave him my most sweetest smile. Finally he said they would send a lorry for me right away. The time is very short. The lorry came and I got in the back.

"At last we got to the dock, and it was dark. I was dressed very poor. I had made the captain at the schoolhouse write a letter telling people who I was, and I had it in my purse. I found the little freighter, and the dock was crowded with people. I go aboard and find an officer. He ask me who I was and what I was. I showed him my letter, but he wouldn't read it. I ask for my captain. He said there were lots of captains on board. He took me to captain of the freighter, and captain of the freighter said he wasn't going to have woman on board his ship. He said he had two thousand men and he wasn't going to have woman. I find my own captain, and he said, 'I think it's a hell of a job to get you on this small ship. It is very small freighter. There are no accommodations for woman and, besides, we have Italian prisoners on board.' By this time I was very tired. I almost cried. Then my captain said, 'Maybe the freighter captain will fall for you.' I put on my most sweetest smile and I go to see freighter's captain again. I was very nice, even though I was almost crying. He said, 'Oh, all right, you can have my cabin.' "

THE freighter sailed for Egypt, a two-and-a-half-day trip, in the course of which she was attacked by airplanes, torpedo boats, and submarines. The danger bell sounded almost continually. There were only two lifeboats, and the people aboard knew that if their ship were hit all they could do would be to jump overboard in their life preservers. The vessel had an escort of destroyers, however, and made Alexan-

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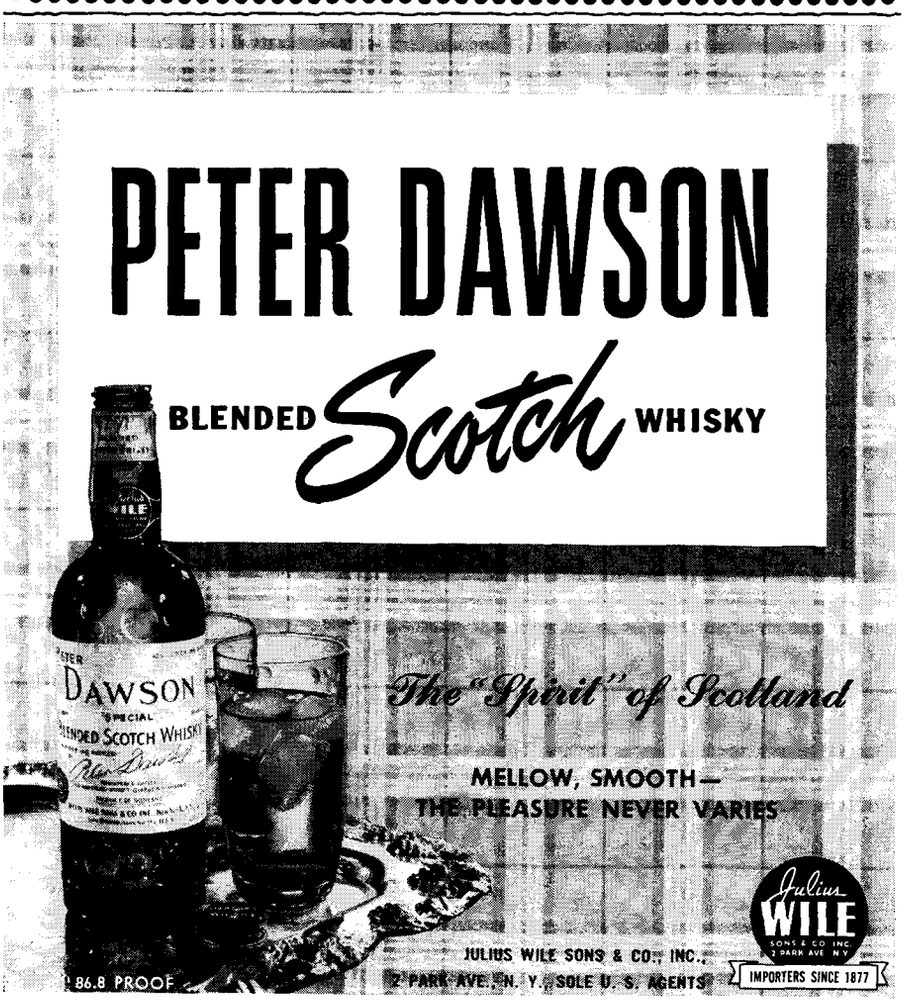



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dria safely. "We were met by British and Dutch Consuls," Miss Bry said, "and everybody was shouting orders. The Dutch Consul said, 'I have a good place for you to stay,' and he sent me to a house where Greek women refugees were being kept. It was more or less a jail. I could understand British point of view—they think that maybe Fifth Columnists were among the Greek women. In front of the house were soldiers with bayonets, and I could not get out. I could not even send out a message. These things I could not understand. I was angry. I was there two days, and then some men came and said we must all go to Cairo. I said I was not going to Cairo. I show my passport. They were stubborn and so was I. I make lots of noise. Finally a soldier called the British Consul and said, 'There is stubborn Dutchwoman here who says she won't go to Cairo.' The Consul sent over a British officer and I put on my most sweetest smile. I am permitted to leave and go to a hotel. First I am told I must leave Alexandria and go to the Dutch East Indies. Then they tell me I must go to England. Then they tell me I must go to America. I say I will go to America. Transportation is fixed for me by the Dutch Consul and I am given some money. I get a rest from nursing."

By a number of trains and ships, Miss Bry went from Alexandria to Suez, to Aden, to Durban, to Cape Town, to Trinidad, and finally, after many delays, reached New York. Since arriving here, she has been doing odds and ends of office work for the Netherlands government. She doesn't plan to go to sea again for a while. I asked Miss Bry how she spent her spare time in America. "Oh, when I am not working," she said, "I sightsee." She held up another handful of snapshots. Most of them had been taken at Niagara Falls.

—MARK MURPHY

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[*The Herald Tribune*]

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# THE ART GALLERIES

## *Dutch, French, and American*

ALL last spring there were rumors around town that a big exhibition of Dutch masterpieces was being planned for this fall. Paintings from the Dutch and British royal collections were to be the nucleus of the affair, it seemed, and it was even whispered that the pictures included were so valuable that a British battleship was to be especially detailed to bring them over. Well, the show is on at last, at the Duveen Galleries, and though the royal contributions have boiled down to one Jan Steen from the collection of the King of England, it is still a mighty big and lavish display. It didn't strike me as a great one, however, and I don't think my disappointment was entirely due to a case of too great expectations. The show as it stands has faults, and in spite of the profusion of Halses it contains, the excellent Rembrandts, the Vermeers, etc., there's a curiously stuffy and ponderous air about it that I found discouraging.

For one thing, and the main thing, perhaps, it's much too big and too all-inclusive. Willem Kalf had a gift, to be sure—that of painting still-lifes with an almost *trompe-l'œil* exactitude. The trouble was that he had no imagination, and his work is depressingly spiritless in consequence. Yet he's there, as is Abraham van Beijeren, of the same school, as well as Willem Buytewech, Jacob Ochtervelt, Carel Fabritius, and a number of others in whose work I can see scarcely more than an antiquarian interest now. Though it may seem like sacrilege to some, I must further confess that I can easily get too much of such men as Hobbema, Ruysdael, Cuyp, and other specialists of the period in romantic landscape. To my mind, the great achievement of the painters of the western Renaissance lay largely in genre and figure painting and in the freshness and humane perceptiveness that they brought to these fields. This was new, it was native, and it was wonderful, and I feel that the preponderance of old mills, ruined castles, and other romantic vistas in the current show detracts a good deal from the true lustiness and humanity which the Dutch schools of the seventeenth century really had.

There's not much to be said for the hanging, either, which has apparently been done with the idea of getting as many pictures on the walls as possible, without regard to their subjects and general compatibility. However, I mustn't go on too long about the faults of the collection. If I've lingered at length on the matter, it is because of regret that so many fine paintings seemed lost in the crush. It's the Halses, I think, that carry the show. There are sixteen of them in all, and from the little study for "The Rommel-Pot Player" to the superb, gray-toned "Portrait of a Lady," they are all pretty generally admirable. The Rembrandts I found to be a shade less uniform in quality. One, indeed, the big "Deposition," from the Ringling collection, is particularly disappointing—stiff in pose, strangely awkward in design—and it isn't till one comes to such pieces as the delicately painted portrait of his son, Titus, the bold "Saint Bartholomew," or the majestic "The Standard Bearer" that one finds this master in the full exercise of his tremendous powers. Two Vermeers are included, "The Milkmaid" and "A Lady Writing," and in addition there are a host of paintings by other lesser artists that are worth looking for—the two fine genre studies by Adriaen van Ostade, "After the Day's Work" and "Woman Selling Fish," for example, Pieter de Hooch's cool "The Linen Cupboard," and Terborch's cunningly painted "The Music Lesson." It's such pieces as these, unpretentious, lively, and human, that give the show what share of the true Dutch flavor it has.

I'VE heard people maintain that Fernand Léger isn't really an artist at all, and though I don't agree with them, I know what they mean. For there's not much of the intuitive about Léger's work and much of the plodding. Almost never does he strike with the boldness of genius straight to the heart of a problem. Instead, with good conscience and patient sincerity, he dissects and anatomizes it, studies it, but if at times, on account of this method, his work appears a bit unexciting, there is also a sort of solid honesty about it that usually commands respect. Well, for the past year or so he has been occupied with the problem of man in space—man, I take it, as divorced from both background and surroundings—and the amount of work he has done on it is enough to fill two galleries, the Paul Rosenberg (with oils) and the Buchholz (with gouaches and drawings). Acrobats and divers seem to have fascinated him most, as examples of man moving freely in the atmosphere, and the method he has adopted strongly features outline, almost to the exclusion of color and modelling. Though a good deal of the work, I think, is still in the whittling stage, there are a few pieces—notably "Les Plongeurs, Rouge et Bleu" at the Rosenberg and "Acrobats I and II" at the Buchholz—that are remarkably effective, and there certainly are immense plastic possibilities in the curiously compact, geometrical patterns he has developed around the human figure. The whole problem is about the most ambitious this artist has tackled since his "dynamist" days, and it's worth seeing both shows to study his progress with it.

PHILIP EVERGOOD, on the other hand, is a man whose genius for mysterious evocativeness and almost surrealist tension is enough to carry him frequently far above his weaknesses. Faults he has in plenty, and in his show of new oils at the A.C.A. you will see them illustrated—his cramped movement and occasionally muddy color, his harsh surface and stiff design. He shouts too often in his propaganda pictures when a mere whisper would suffice. All these, though, save the last, are flaws in technique only, and against them he has an ability to convey emotion, apparently directly to the subconscious, that at times is enough to take your breath away. "Surrealist" is a word whose meaning has been jealously construed to apply only to a small group of painters. Yet I know of no other word that quite expresses the feeling one gets from such a canvas as, to take just one example, his "Come and Help Granddad" in the current show. About all one sees in the composition is an old man scrabbling in a field at the left, a boy standing sullenly at the right, and a factory in the distance behind them. Yet somehow—by a tinge more of blood than of brick in the walls, perhaps, by the loom of a water tower—the distant factory grows more menacing the longer you look at it, till it stands forth at last as the villain in the piece, overshadowing and threatening everything in the whole sunny scene. This may not be the standard brand of surrealism, and I suppose Mr. Evergood would be the first to disavow the label, but it has its points of resemblance just the same, and strong points they are, too. —ROBERT M. COATES

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Sheer Footage*

THERE are new pictures to suit, or have a go at suiting, just about everybody's taste, and in fact so wide is the selection that there are undoubtedly a few left over that will appeal to nobody at all. We might as well pick one at random (the old random at Broadway and 51st Street) for a starter, namely "Now, Voyager," in which Bette Davis makes one of her rare appearances as a good egg. In this vehicle, she stirs up trouble for no one but her mother, who has it coming to her. The mother, played by Gladys Cooper, is a stiff old Boston lady, who has raised Bette very strictly and even makes her wear glasses to cut down on her love life. The result is that Bette is by no means a sweater girl but, on the contrary, a regular bundle of nerves and going downhill fast when Claude Rains comes along as a psychoanalyst, spruces her up, and sends her off on a cruise. On shipboard she meets Paul Henreid, who is married and has a small daughter in just as bad shape as Bette formerly was. Being in love with Henreid but not being able to do anything about it on account of his previous commitment, she takes an interest in his daughter and puts the child on her feet, making everybody sound as a dollar. This, as you can see, is a sharp reversal of Miss Davis's usual behavior. It is only in the beginning, when she is portraying a psychological mess, that she has a chance to go in for any heavy characterization, and even then she indulges in no fits of frenzy. The rest of the time she just plods along with the plot, which is longish and a little out of proportion to its intellectual content. There are, to be sure, some not very complicated thoughts about the mental quirks of unwanted children, and these may be of interest to unwanted children, but where's the attraction for a critic, for example, whose parents were tickled to death with him from his infancy?

FOREST rangers are dealt with, in Technicolor, in "Forest Rangers," with Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Susan Hayward. The film is noteworthy mainly for being the source of the song "Jingle Jangle Jingle," which was released well in advance and whose vogue is probably waning by now.

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Maybe not too much so, though, for a certain captious complaint about it to be still worth while. The line in the lyric which goes "And that song ain't so very far from wrong" should actually, according to its context, be "And that song ain't so very far from *right*." Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The picture itself is a curious mixture of clowning and raw drama. There is one sequence in which the three principals spend a night in the woods and put on a sort of outdoor bedroom farce. There is, on the other hand, a certain amount of downright arson, and on quite a large scale. Then, again, right in the middle of a whopping big forest fire, Miss Hayward approaches Mr. MacMurray and says, "What's cookin'?" and you can't tell whether the gag is intentional or not. The most surprising line of all is another one delivered by Miss Hayward, this time in answer to a reasonably earnest proposal of marriage. "Don't be silly," she says to her suitor, and that seems to close the topic.

Most of the action in the film derives from a tussle between the two ladies for possession of MacMurray, who waits around patiently enough for the outcome. Lynne Overman, who is funny now and then as an old lumberjack turned housekeeper, is perhaps the most successful member of the cast. Generally speaking, though, scenery has an edge over live actors in this project. It certainly has an edge over the story, which couldn't fail to astonish a forest ranger.

"You Can't Escape Forever" is the somewhat irrelevant title of a current picture about life on a newspaper. George Brent, as a managing editor, does more legwork than an ambitious reporter, aspiring to the job, would probably like to think was attached to it. The newspaper in question is one of those harum-scarum organizations that frequently turn up on the screen. The constant high jinks that go on in the city room call for a certain roguishness on Brent's part, but it is doubtful whether he ever quite achieves it. The trouble is that it's harder to get a laugh when you try to talk with your mouth closed, as he does, than it is to register the stronger emotions for which he generally employs this interesting device. Then, too, the long sideburns he wears, although unusual, are not spectacular enough to be comic. However, he has the winning qualities necessary to attract a lady reporter, played by Brenda Marshall, and sufficient enterprise to thwart a gang of tire bootleggers. War-


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ner Brothers, incidentally, must have had to strip most of the cars in their parking lot to supply the props for one of those bootlegging scenes.

TWO minor mystery films, while they may not be as boldly publicized as the three more expensive epics already mentioned, may seem just as worthy to you. One is "The Glass Key," from the Dashiell Hammett novel of the same name, starring Veronica Lake and Alan Ladd. The acting of this pair is a little on the stolid side, but that is probably because dead pan has come to be the accepted way to portray Hammett rôles. What may at least be said in favor of the picture is that it follows the original story, and it's hard to go far wrong on a Hammett plot. One small deviation that has been made from the book, however, is one of those inscrutable Hollywood maneuvers and worth noting as such. The hero's first name has been changed from Ned to Ed. . . . The other mystery film is "Eyes in the Night," with Edward Arnold and Ann Harding. Arnold plays the part of a blind detective—not particularly well, but anyway it's a different sort of detective part from most. There's also a dog in the thing who has more to do than any of his tribe since Rin-Tin-Tin.

MICKEY ROONEY and Judy Garland are around, not together but not profiting very much by their separation, either. He is in "A Yank at Eton," which is as dreadful as you can imagine, if you have a morbid turn of mind. She is in "For Me and My Gal," which contains the song it's named for and some other old ones. It also contains Gene Kelly, who is not quite so much of a heel as he was on the stage but still has his malevolent moments. . . . Do you ken John Beal? He is appearing in a Biblical item called "The Great Commandment," that is said to have been on a Twentieth Century-Fox shelf for a few years, but there is no explanatory foreword to say just why it's been taken off.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

## REVISED

Whatever I said of fault or flaw
In last year's hats, I now withdraw;

I did not know, could not foresee,
What mournful things our hats could be,

Small tombs to signal every glance,
"Paris is dead" or "Here Lies France."

—HORTENSE FLEXNER

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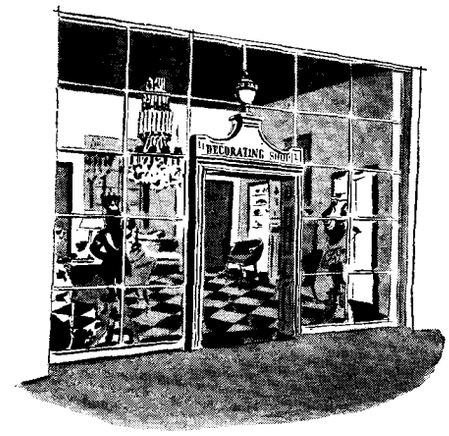


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# OF ALL THINGS

MESSRS. DEWEY AND BENNETT started off their campaigns in a fine patriotic spirit. Neither said anything that would take a person's mind off his war work.

•

War is a grim old geography teacher. Six months ago few of us had ever heard of Guadalcanal, but now it seems the most important spot in the world.

•

Molotov suggests that the trial of Nazi war criminals begin with Rudolf Hess. It appears to be the Soviet view that a Hess in the hand is worth a Hitler and Göring in the bush.

•

The French are rioting to show their opposition to Laval's plan to draft workers for German factories. People have to express their thoughts that way in countries where there are no elections or Gallup polls.

•

Typewriter strategists who urge an immediate second front have one great advantage over the men who are running the war. They can say when, but they don't have to tell how.

•

The Italian people have been informed in broadcasts that their relatives here are to be looked upon as loyal, patriotic Americans. The Rome government is justly indignant over this stab in the back.

•

It is beginning to snow along the Russian front. The melancholy days will soon be here when Hitler can sit by the fireside and wonder whether he got his summer's worth.

•

Our government has wisely decided to put an end to gold-mining for the duration. The yellow metal is just as safe where it is as it would be in a new Kentucky home.

•

It is now believed that several more government agencies will move from overcrowded Washington to New York. We've had lots of room here since we cleaned out the junk.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER


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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

THOUGH there are as yet precious few signs in our gayer night clubs to back me up, I cling to the conviction that, when winter comes, more and more people will be found spending quiet evenings at home, entertaining friends or curled up with a good radio program. Even without the prospects of a taxi shortage and that $25,000 ceiling, the idea of being seen too often whirling around in late spots, scattering clouds of greenbacks, isn't, I feel, going to be awfully popular.

Hazel Kolman, who concocts her lovely lingerie at 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), is as artful as anyone I know in helping to make the fireside and boudoir as attractive as tradition insists they are. Among her made-to-order house coats is a yellow kasha tailored affair with a zippered front, stitched-down pleats, and slashed pockets lined with a wool which closely resembles leopard skin. For the boudoir, look at a sky-blue Viyella flannel robe with narrow imitation Val on the cuffs and fichu; a silk-crêpe nightgown, with satin hearts applied at the neckline, accompanies this, to make one of the famous Kolman ensembles. Another consists of a white satin wrap-around negligee and a crêpe nightgown; shaded pink crêpe in the form of a rose makes a pocket on the robe and trims the base of the gown's V neckline. There are many robes of imported tie silk in rich reds and navy blues, with braid trimmings and initials that repeat the colors of the pattern. In her custom-made nightgowns, which cost around $25, she employs a number of tricks to give a molded touch to those straight lines the government decrees; vertical tucks and white satin bows, for instance, appear at the side of the waistline of a pink crêpe gown with applied satin blossoms.

Kolman's pride and new venture this season allows for those sudden changes of mind that swerve you from dinner at home to visiting some quiet restaurant; it's a full-length black dinner dress —custom-made, beautifully fitted, and "basic" in nature—that has long sleeves, a low V décolletage in front, a high back, and slight fullness over the bosom. She loves to vary this by adding, say, a widely striped royal-blue-and-black chiffon overskirt that can double as a cape, or a shimmering lamé train that can be wrapped, if you want, as a sash. You might also consider any one of the many lamés that cry to be made up into jackets. There is a gay new gimmick here, too, for people who sternly wear short fur jackets the winter through. This is a pink chiffon-wool petticoat edged with embroidered hearts, made with elastic inserts at the waistline so that you can step into it as into panties. Another new thing, for this shop at least, is ready-to-wear lingerie. Pure-silk slips, with your first name written across them in satin appliqué, are $11.50, to give you an idea.

THE large shops have turned their canny attention to the lolling-at-home problem, too, and the indications are that they are taking fuel-rationing with passionate seriousness. I do not really expect that apartment dwellers will be breaking ice in their washbasins of a morning, but Lord & Taylor and Best want both their city and country customers to be prepared for anything.

I assume that Best deplores slacks for wear on city streets as much as I do, but the store is pushing slacks like mad for lounging in city apartments and takes pride in having them tailored as well as its best suit skirts. The tartan slacks are knockouts at $10.95—dark green with an overplaid of bright yellow, red, and blue. Best suggests a red-piped, dark-green wool blazer to wear with these ($15.95), plus a long-sleeved yellow pullover ($5.95). Also popular here are tailored rayon-shark-skin blouses, printed in huge, splashy floral figures, to accompany dark-brown flannel slacks; with bottle-green wool slacks, the shop prefers a white pullover and a cardigan jacket of thin coral wool with a set-in belt to display the waistline.

For the country, a black capeskin coat with a loose back, a round, collarless neck, and slashed pockets costs $23.50, and everyone, from prep-school age on, is fanatic about it, especially when it is worn with gray flannel slacks and a black cashmere pullover. For evening,

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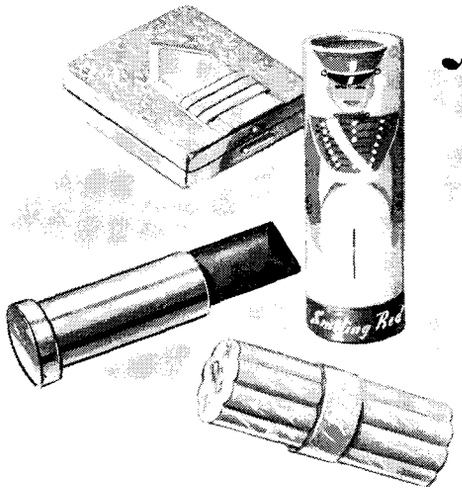
*— and smile ... smile ... smile*

*in your* **DOROTHY GRAY**

# *Smiling Red*



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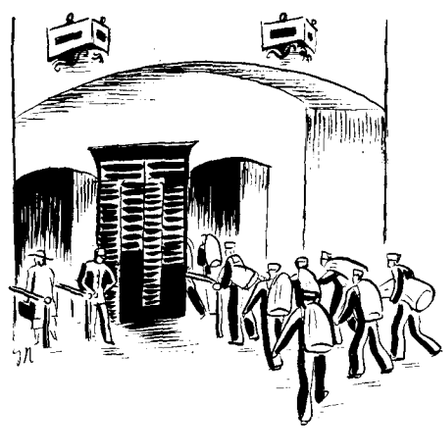
Best shows black wool-gabardine pants, with which you may wear dressy bouclé slip-on sweaters that have bright paillettes outlining their round necks, or bouclé cardigans trimmed with self-fringe and glass buttons.

LOOKING toward those icy early mornings, Lord & Taylor offer comforting bathrobes, for children and grownups, made of a beautiful cotton plush in pink, white, American Beauty, or (best of all) pale blue. These are $19.95 for adults, and there are wonderful ankle-high boots to match, with quilted linings and leather lacings. Cotton plush is used for a pajama ensemble, with full pants and a round-necked jacket you'd want for a bed jacket if for nothing else; a black slip-on sweater, heavily incrusted with paillettes, comes with these and is dressy enough to appear as the top of a dinner costume; the three pieces are $39.95. Cotton plush also makes a below-knee-length, single-breasted coat with a turnover collar edged with ermine tails, no less.

Then, for warmth and a gag, you'll find those Winston Churchill coveralls appearing as one-piece, checked cotton-flannel pajamas that buckle neatly around the ankles. These are $3, and so are plain or striped flannel nightshirts with colored pipings. Great-grandmother's nightgown, eyelet embroidery and all, emerges in white chiffon wool, and, along more glamorous lines, there's a nightgown of pale-blue or yellow chiffon wool, with tinted lace, to match, making the frilly collar, cuffs, and jabot that cascades down the front. It has a satin ribbon sash, too—all for $14.95.

CHEZ ROSETTE, at 10 East 56th Street, is as satisfactory a small shop as I have been able to find, with prices ranging from $17.95 to $50 and clothes for hard-to-please women. Paillettes are used sparingly on full-length dinner dresses (the clientele doesn't like



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short dinner things), and never seem flashy; witness a coffee-colored crêpe dress with a wide band of brown paillettes and a paillette bow at the square, highish décolletage. Look, too, at a purple crêpe dinner suit with matching bugles, like polka dots, scattered over its jacket, or at a black crêpe one with red and gold paillettes around its collarless neck and with red crêpe facing its slit skirt.

There are lots of good, simple black day dresses here—some with black velvet lapels and a couple of velvet bows that look like pockets, some plain and relying on drapery for their interest, and some very tailored, with a black satin bow at the openings of their turnover collars as their chief decoration. Among the wool suits, to be worn now and later under fur coats, is one with trapunto work that looks like cartridge-pleating on the yoke and pockets; $25. Pale blue is favored for wool dresses with handsome, cut-steel buttons.

Every time, I gloat over the custom hats (from $8.50 to $18.50) that are to be found at Chez Rosette. There's a wide choice, with models ranging from tailored suède fez triumphs to miniature sailors trimmed with glycerinated ostrich, and from modified Dutch bonnets to velvet evening plaques covered with bows and having veiling for a snood. We are probably facing a hard winter, all right, but, when it comes to clothes, there is still no necessity for *looking* too grim about it. —L. L.

•

Aboard during this trip were such notables as Lord Beaverbrook, Arturo Toscanini, the three children of Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and Fanny Ward, Gertrude Hoffman, the dancer, and others.
—*The Sun.*

Quite a racy little group!

•

Does there exist any sociologico-phenomenological reading of cultural phenomena which is fundamentally different from the psychological one? The answer is, "Yes."—*From "Social and Cultural Dynamics," by Pitirim A. Sorokin.*

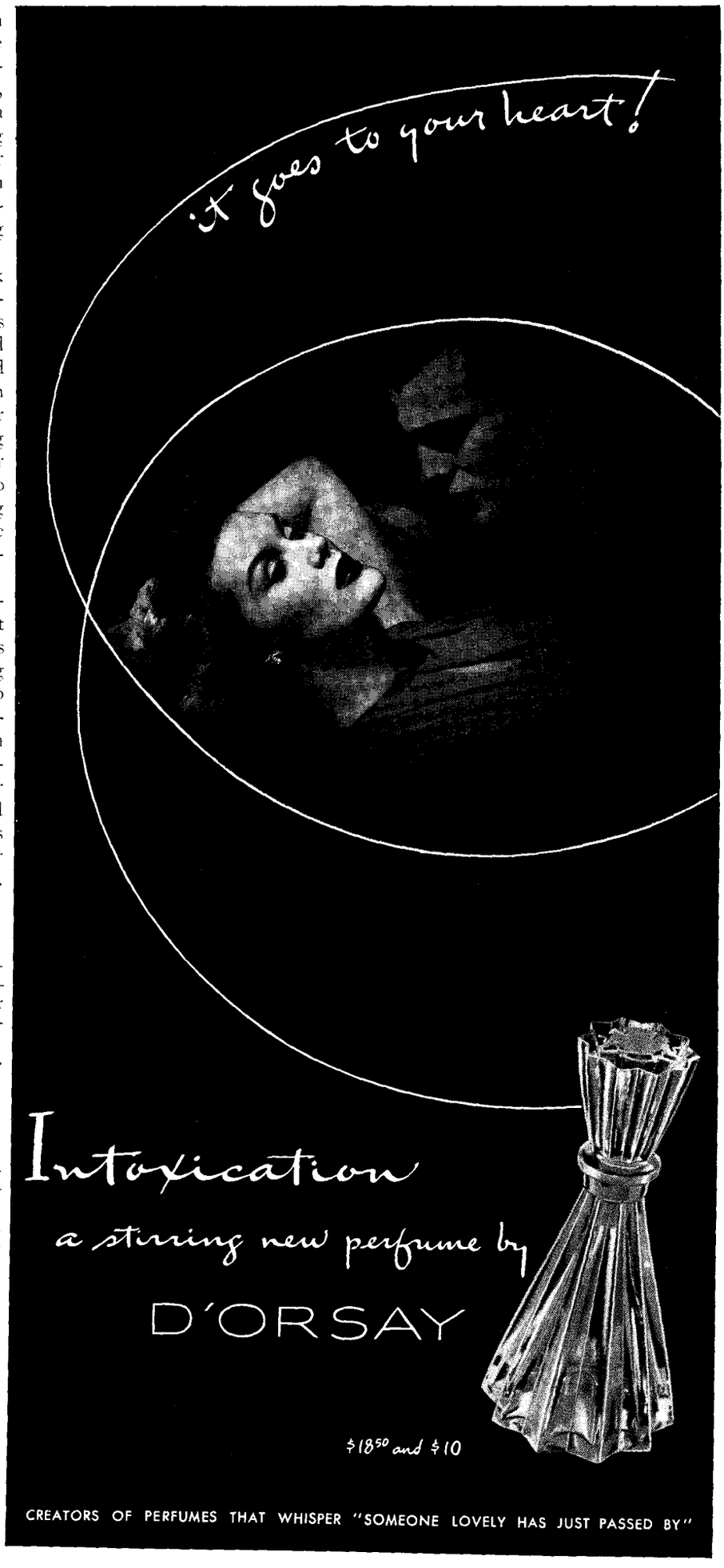
We were pretty close, anyway. We guessed "No."

•

### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Atlanta Journal*]

The healthful flow of blood through the body requires that the body be as one. If the arm were cut off from the chest, the head free of the trunk and the leg an independent unity, the whole body would be weakened and its use impaired.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# TABLES FOR TWO

## *Assorted Artists*

GRACIE FIELDS has entertained in just about every variety of *milieu*, as the French would say if they were asked, and she has acquired a degree of assurance that would probably put her across at a board meeting of the National City Bank. In the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where she is now appearing late in the evening, she has an audience that is prepared in advance to consider her a wow, in that she is British, has done a good deal of commendable morale-boosting, and has a far-flung reputation as a comic anyway. It's doubtful, though, whether a spot like the Wedgwood Room is ideal for her talent. In a night club, even of this sort, she gives the impression, sometimes, that she is toning herself down, which is an unfortunate thing for a lady to have to do who is at her best when she just rears back and howls. This particular room is by no means a closet, but it is not an Army camp, either. Miss Fields seems to feel constrained to take the ladies on one knee and the gentlemen on the other (so to speak) and establish some sort of personal bond with them. Or, in short, she just seems to feel constrained. This is tough on a natural-born cheerleader.

Her comic numbers include her old specialty "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World," which turns out better than most performers' special trademarks when you come up against them face to face (James Barton's "Annabel Lee," Smith & Dale's "Dr. Kronkheit," Red Skelton's saying "I dood it," etc.). She also does some mock coloratura, at which she is not as good as Beatrice Lillie, and some straight singing, which is almost a pure pleasure. This department has made the discovery, perhaps in the wake of a number of earlier explorers, that Miss Fields has a fine singing voice. The pleasure is not quite pure because of a certain lack of irreproachable material in her repertory. She does a couple of popular songs, notably one called "I Came Here to Talk for Joe," which are a little less intelligible than the mating cry of a raccoon. She is apt to wind up, however, with "There'll Always Be an England" and "God Bless America," whose lyrics do not rank with the Gettysburg Address but are at least vigorous and singable.

On the program with Miss Fields are Georges and Jalna, a pair of dancers who have been at the Waldorf before. They seem to have been practicing or something, because there is a sprightly polish to their exhibition that escaped this student of the dance last time. Anyhow, at the Wedgwood Room the other night, Tony De Marco, another hoofer, was a guest, and when Georges and Jalna finished he applauded them heartily, possibly because he is a friend of theirs but possibly, again, because he was captivated by their artistry.

IN the Café Lounge of the Savoy-Plaza, the attraction is Morton Downey, whose tenor voice has been relatively muted of late but who is still able to get into the upper register without rattling, although he gets there, as he always did, by a sort of groping technique. His system is to feel around in the neighborhood of a note until he bumps into it and then to climb onto it gratefully and rest. Mr. Downey, incidentally, accompanies himself on the piano, both in the usual keyboard way and by means of a novel kind of percussion effect, achieved by bouncing the instrument around on its pins. He uses this effect only in his rollicking Irish numbers, perhaps the most successful phase of his work. The dance music at the Café Lounge is supplied by Paul Baron's orchestra, which is unusually partial to a current song called "Everything I've Got Belongs to You," a title that formed the tag-line, some years ago, of a song called "I've Got Five Dollars," from "America's Sweetheart." This, by itself, is not a remarkable coincidence, but the fact that the words of both pieces are based on the same general scheme throughout is more noteworthy. In regard to tune, the earlier one had a slight edge.

THE Copacabana has reopened, and with it Joe E. Lewis, who spent a lot of time at the same stand last year. He has some new stuff about on a par with his old stuff, and he has also got some of his old stuff and some of everybody else's old stuff, including, incredibly enough, a story about a fellow who objects to being called illiterate, since his parents are married. The Berry Brothers, dressed in suits that are particularly zoot, were also in at the opening. There's not really enough room on the floor for their brand of acrobatic dancing, and they are obliged to take to the spoken word now and then to make up for lack of exercise. The rest of the Copacabana manna is chiefly girls, and very exceptional specimens of the breed they are, too.

SPEAKING of girls, America's Most Beautiful Girls, according to their employers, are at the Greenwich Village Inn, in case you were wondering where they'd got to. This is not a new spot, but it has lately expanded somewhat, at least in the matter of entertainment. There's a minor pageant to be seen down there now, the gist of which is a recommendation of America and the colors red, white, and blue. Nothing especially stylish, you understand, the feeling probably being that the sentiment is enough in itself and should not be obscured by talent or other distractions. In line with this policy is the presence on the bill of Benny Fields, who sings old songs and waves a cane. He is, as you know, a veteran comedian who has, like Morton Downey, been absent from the spotlight for quite a while. It is just possible that he will see his shadow and pop back into his burrow again. —D. E. L.

•

The First Aid Shower brought forth such things as a sewing kit, stain remover, liquid wax, even vitamin $B_1$ tablets.... The gift-laden litter, made in the approved First Aid manner, was properly carried into the living room, which was all tied up in knots. The mirror was draped with a cravat bandage, the pictures, vases, and lamps were all bandaged. Even the figurines on the end tables were bound up with slings and hand bandages. The centerpiece for the luncheon table was made of splints and jonquils, for the light touch, and the place cards were cut in the shape of bandages.—*The American Home.*

Drinking water colored red, like blood?

•

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Adv. of Zitka's Barber Shop in the Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript & Telegram*]

EVOLUTION

Patronizing a high price barbershop gains you social prestige and respect of your friends. Philosophically speaking, when you uphold or support the better things of life, better institutions, etc., you are ascending, evolving into a higher, better life and living conditions. It also indicates loftiness of mind and willingness to sacrifice in order to uphold and preserve these better things of life. Any upgrade move requires courage, honesty of purpose and the exercise of finer human emotions. In people who patronize the high price barber may also be found a sense of justice and tolerance. The prices for these finer things of life are not prohibitive, in fact, the price is only 50c a haircut during regular hours and 75c a haircut after regular hours, by appointment.

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# THE RACE TRACK

*Rough Going*

THIS time of year is almost always hard on favorites. The change from the sweeping turns of Belmont to the egg-shaped course at Jamaica, together with the larger fields of horses that come up for the back-end meetings, usually combine to knock past performances higgledy-piggledy. Even so, it is a bit disturbing to see thirty-six first choices beaten in six days, which is what happened at Jamaica last week. About the only people who weren't disturbed were the long-shot players, who had such little windfalls as Candlestick at $71.80, Who Calls at $110.50 (my outside man reports that a switchboard operator he knows had a hunch and put a dollar on that one), and Family Doc at $149.40. Something should be done about the favorites, but I wouldn't know what. Perhaps they'll make out better in the next few afternoons at Empire City. If they don't, you can have a pretty good time just sitting on the hill in the paddock, letting the tips blow through your hair like the autumn wind.

I SUSPECT that the most unlucky runner among the several thousand hereabouts is Riverland. In his first Eastern appearance, which was at Belmont last month, he ruined the afternoon for the few horseplayers who knew how good he was by getting himself disqualified. His number was taken down again after he beat Boysy in the Continental Handicap at Jamaica last weekend, because Wright, who rode him, resorted to catch-as-catch-can tactics. Riverland, by the way, is another of those horses who have gone to the top like zip. He didn't race at all when he was two, and last year, as a three-year-old, he ran only three times, earning $80. This season he won a cheap claiming race at Washington Park, Chicago, early in August, shortly after which he was bought by Harold A. Clark, who sometimes races in the colors of the Tower Stable and sometimes in those of Louisiana Farm.

Bad luck or no, Riverland has been going great guns ever since. He's finished first in his last eight starts (the disqualifications, of course, make that record not as impressive as it sounds), and

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Regent's designed for the modern American taste, too. The finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, they tell me...*specially selected* for finer flavor... then Multiple-Blended for *extra mildness!*

What's more, Regent has a streamlined oval shape, comes in a crush-proof box that keeps each cigarette firm and fresh always! So go modern, Corporal...get Regent...and you'll get *more* smoking pleasure!"

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he's picked up $23,510 in purses, which is a lot more than he cost. Trainers looking at him for the first time have been known to guess that he is all of seventeen hands high. Although there are few racers that tall, I'll agree that Riverland looks every inch of it, and as soon as Diogenes Checkpoints finds his measuring standard, which he constantly mislays, I'll give you the exact figures.

EVER so many observers thought that Boysy would have won the Interborough Handicap, which went to Eire, on the opening day of the Jamaica meeting if he hadn't been blocked in the stretch. He was more fortunate in the Continental, thanks to the disqualification of Riverland. It may not have occurred to you that Boysy has been one of the more profitable investments in horseflesh in the last few seasons. Something over three years ago, Thomas Heard, Jr., a Texan who likes to have his stable grooms wear ten-gallon hats, bought him from Ed Bradley for $100. It seemed a fair price at the time, for the animal had had such bad leg trouble that Bradley had never even trained him. Heard thought that a little fixing up and galloping on the range for a year was all Boysy needed, and apparently he was right. At any rate, Boysy won his first start by lengths; that was at Arlington Park, and since he was 35–1, bookmakers in Chicago remember his performance with no satisfaction at all. Boysy has been winning pretty regularly ever since. As his prize money has amounted to $56,130 so far (the Continental purse was $8,475), he has paid off at a bit over 560–1 on Heard's investment. Not at all bad odds, if you can get them.

FROM the knowing way people backed Ocean Wave for the Remsen Handicap at Jamaica, they evidently thought that Blue Swords, who won it, hadn't recovered from chasing Count Fleet over that fast mile in the Champagne Stakes. Experts also believed that Blue Swords wouldn't like the sharp turns of the track. He didn't mind them at all, and won with something to spare, while Ocean Wave barely made second place. Ben Jones, Ocean Wave's trainer, says his colt will develop into a good three-year-old—not so good as Whirlaway was, maybe, but good enough for anybody. So there. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Neal O'Hara in the Post*]

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# NURSE'S AIDE

MRS. CHISHOLM, on her first morning of duty at the hospital, interpreted a sickening feeling of inadequacy as proof perfect that she should have taken up canteen work or joined the Motor Corps or gone in for Home Service or anything—anything in the world but what she was about to do. She hesitated at the entrance of the Women's Orthopedic Ward and dug small, anxious hands into the pockets of her blue denim uniform. There were eight occupied beds in the ward; one of them, the one over by the window, contained her patient. "They've had breakfast," the supervisor had explained. "You'll begin with Morning Care."

"Morning Care, Morning Care," Mrs. Chisholm repeated idiotically to herself as she approached No. 6. Here was a Mrs. Genochi, an absolutely mountainous woman with a face like an oiled melon. Mrs. Genochi's hair was matted above her forehead and uncoiled, sticky and hemplike, from there to the pillow. Her bedclothes were humped around her. One dark foot showed bare through a rift. One arm, her right, was bandaged from hand to shoulder.

Mrs. Chisholm referred desperately to the month's training which had presumed to prepare her for just this moment. At Red Cross headquarters there had been four spotless hospital beds, a pretty, apple-green night table beside each. The equipment was new and shining; the instructress wore a white silk uniform and looked like one of those posters of war nurses. The student aides had practiced upon each other. Mrs. Chisholm's partner had been an attractive young Bryn Mawr graduate, a Miss Lindsay, and the two of them had had a lively time laughing and talking during demonstrations. It was a pity that Miss Lindsay, persuaded by her parents, who wanted her to take a trip with them, had had to drop out before the completion of the course. "Well, good luck," she'd told Mrs. Chisholm affectionately. "I'll be thinking about you when you get to the hospital." "I bet I do everything wrong," Mrs. Chisholm had laughed. It was a remote possibility in her mind that she would do everything wrong. In most phases of classwork she had proved as skillful as the rest of the student aides. As skillful, that is, as everyone but Miss Palmer. Miss Palmer had been the star pupil.

IT heightened Mrs. Chisholm's present uneasiness to see that Miss Palmer had been assigned the patient next to hers. Miss Palmer's patient was an even bigger edition of Mrs. Genochi, but size, Mrs. Chisholm knew, would be of no concern to Miss Palmer, who, although of average dimensions, had extraordinary muscular equipment. She had been an athletic instructor at one of the Midwestern universities, a vocation which explained her talent for being effortlessly capable but not her boisterous enjoyment of anyone else's shortcomings.

Miss Palmer was now descending upon her patient with eagerness and efficiency. "And how are *you* today?" Mrs. Chisholm heard Miss Palmer ask.

Mrs. Chisholm looked at Mrs. Genochi and weakly mimicked Miss Palmer's approach. Miss Palmer's patient had said that she was just fine; Mrs. Chisholm's patient sighed. "I ain't so good. I ain't feeling so comfortable." She rolled over ponderously, snowballing several layers of gray-white bedding and giving the already dishevelled setup a hopelessly unbalanced look.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Chisholm, falsely brisk, "I'm going to take your temperature." She shook down the thermometer and peered at it. Ninety-four, it read obligingly. Mrs. Genochi opened her mouth and Mrs. Chisholm inserted the thermometer. She seized Mrs. Genochi's wrist firmly. "Don't show lack of confidence in front of a patient," the instructress had said. "Don't allow yourself or any other nurse's aide to lose face."

Mrs. Chisholm's pocket watch had a Donald Duck on the face of it, a Mickey Mouse on the back. The girls at the class had thought it cute, but Mrs. Chisholm noticed that Mrs. Genochi was regarding it suspiciously. Mrs. Genochi's pulse beat so slowly that Mrs. Chisholm got to thinking about other things as she counted and completely lost track of the pulse. She had to start over. She could see that Miss Palmer, at the next bed, had finished temperature, pulse, and respiration, and was recording them neatly in her notebook.

"In taking respiration, never allow the patient to see that you are observing his breathing," the instructress had said. "Pretend to be doing something else." So Mrs. Chisholm, having finished pulse, kept her hand upon Mrs. Genochi's wrist and glanced casually at her bosom. Mrs. Genochi's bosom had been rising and falling with what seemed to be perfect rhythm; now, with Mrs. Chisholm's eyes upon it, it became motionless.

Mrs. Chisholm pressed her hand to Mrs. Genochi's left side but felt only a stubborn stillness. She stared into Mrs. Genochi's eyes and Mrs. Genochi stared back. It was obvious that the patient was not dead; just uncoöperative. At the neighboring unit Miss Palmer had set up a bath basin, soap, towels, washcloth. In drawing the curtains between the two beds, Miss Palmer had left a breach sufficient for Mrs. Chisholm to see everything that she was doing and for herself, conversely, to see everything that Mrs. Chisholm was doing. Mrs. Chisholm grew warm and uncomfortable as she waited for Mrs. Genochi to show signs of life. She took the thermometer out of Mrs. Genochi's mouth and, as she pretended to be reading it, Mrs. Genochi, off guard, began to breathe. Mrs. Chisholm looked down at the likeness of Donald Duck and counted.

BY the time Mrs. Chisholm had got the basin of warm water, the soap, and clean towels for Mrs. Genochi, Miss Palmer, she could see through the parted curtains, had finished washing her patient's face and limbs and was now completing what seemed to be a thorough and satisfying back rub. Mrs. Genochi was still just lying there in her welter of grayish linen.

"We'll remove the gown," Mrs. Chisholm announced uncertainly. The formula for lifting a patient, as she remembered it, applied to a patient who had two good arms. "Permit the patient to help as much as possible," Mrs. Chisholm had been instructed. She put both hands beneath Mrs. Genochi's shoulders and Mrs. Genochi, a dead weight, leaned comfortably upon them. "Raise just a little, please," Mrs. Chisholm urged. Mrs. Genochi grinned and sat up with surprising agility. Mrs. Chisholm removed the gown and Mrs. Genochi slumped back. "You're a skinny thing," Mrs. Genochi observed. Conversation between aide and patient had not been discussed in detail during classwork. "Just be pleasant," the students had been told. Mrs. Chisholm smiled pleas-

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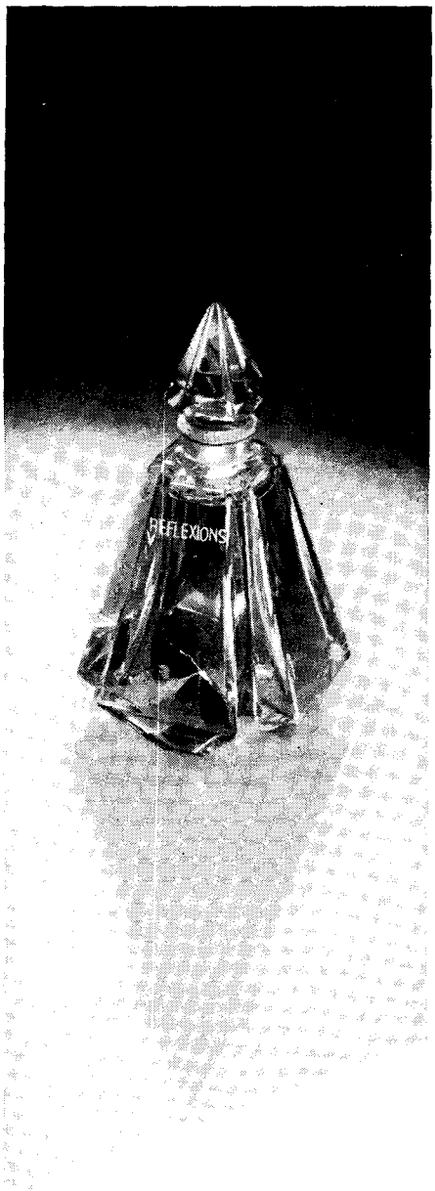


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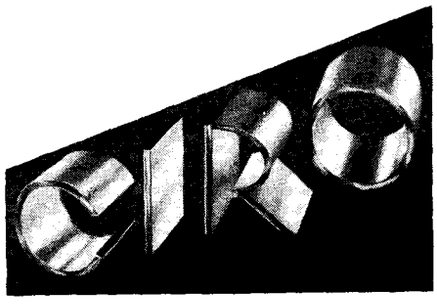


antly. In the neighboring unit, bath completed, Miss Palmer was deftly changing her patient's bed linen.

Mrs. Chisholm swallowed helplessly, wrapped the wet washcloth around her hand, and approached Mrs. Genochi. She started with Mrs. Genochi's forehead and worked gingerly down Mrs. Genochi's oily cheeks to her triplicate chin. Below, awaiting her touch, she glimpsed vast areas of bare flesh, which were all a part of Mrs. Genochi. She dried Mrs. Genochi's face, applied soap to the washcloth, and reached for Mrs. Genochi's left arm. "Wash between fingers," she remembered. She would not have been surprised if Mrs. Genochi's fingers had been webbed. "And then upward toward the shoulder in long, sure movements." Mrs. Chisholm worked upward. Beads of perspiration collected on her forehead and her knees gave signs of buckling. Somewhere in the region of her stomach a feeling of utter despair vied dangerously with the possibility of active nausea. In the neighboring unit Miss Palmer was finishing off the foot of the bed with geometrically perfect corners. Miss Palmer's patient was watching Miss Palmer reverently.

Mrs. Chisholm plodded on, miserable and discouraged. Mrs. Genochi appeared to be withholding certain portions of her body, not from modesty but in a spirit of lightly malicious sport. Out of the blackness of time, acre after acre of body surface soaped, rinsed, and dried, Mrs. Chisholm realized that she had completed her project. She emptied the last basin of water into the ward lavatory and came back to the unit with clean linen for Mrs. Genochi's bed. Miss Palmer hesitated at the opening between curtains, then stepped aside so that Mrs. Chisholm could behold perfection. "You forgot to empty your bath water," Mrs. Chisholm told her wearily.

"Oh." Miss Palmer frowned ever so slightly and leaped, chest out, chin in, eyes straight ahead, for her basin. As her strong, confident hands seized it, the basin slipped from her grasp, careened from the night table, and landed upside down in the middle of the bed. Miss Palmer's patient gasped as the water soaked through.

"May I help?" asked Mrs. Chisholm, for suddenly she recognized, beyond Miss Palmer's unearthly competence and unruffled exterior, the elements of her own misgivings. Miss Palmer's blush had been almost too fleeting to notice, the look in her eyes too soon disguised to catalogue as wounded. But for one second, the second before Miss Palmer

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said "No, thank you, Mrs. Chisholm. I'll manage," they were sisters.

MRS. CHISHOLM drew the curtains behind her as she stepped back into her own unit. Mrs. Genochi was rocking with evil laughter. Mrs. Chisholm looked at her. "Accidents will happen," she said pleasantly, but with the full-bodied firmness one expresses toward a doubtfully obedient child. "Roll over, Mrs. Genochi," Mrs. Chisholm said. "Roll as far to the other side of the bed as you can. I'm going to change the sheets." Mrs. Genochi's laughter stopped. She stared for a moment, and then she rolled.

There was silence in the unit as Mrs. Chisholm made up her patient's bed. When Mrs. Chisholm had finished she took a comb from the bedside table and went to work on Mrs. Genochi's hair. She combed it back from her forehead and braided the ends neatly. Then she plumped up Mrs. Genochi's pillows and raised Mrs. Genochi to lean against them. "There," Mrs. Chisholm said. "Feeling comfortable?" Mrs. Genochi thought yes, that she was feeling kind of comfortable.

"Fine," said Mrs. Chisholm heartily. She swooped up the soiled linen in her arms and drew back the curtains, which would expose Mrs. Genochi to the rest of the ward. Unveiled, Mrs. Genochi sat large and shining in her immaculate bed. And beautiful, thought Mrs. Chisholm as she lightheartedly started off to her next assignment. Just beautiful.

—DECLA DUNNING

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It takes approximately 3½ yards of material to make a man's suit, and 5 yards for a two-trouser suit. Current production in Canada calls for manufacture of 1,500,000 suits annually. If these were two-pant suits, 7,500,000 yards of material would be required. Whereas only 5,250,000 yards of material would be required to manufacture the same number of one-pant suits. The same amount of cloth will make 30 one-pant suits or 21 two-trousers suits. Isn't it better to clothe 30 men in a complete suit than allow 21 men to have an extra pair of pants and run the risk of having nine with no pants at all?—*From a folder issued by the Canadian Wartime Prices and Trade Board.*

Hell, yes.

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### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chippewa Falls (Wis.) Herald-Telegram*]

Mrs. James White left the first of the week for Fort Sill, Okla., to visit with the Army.

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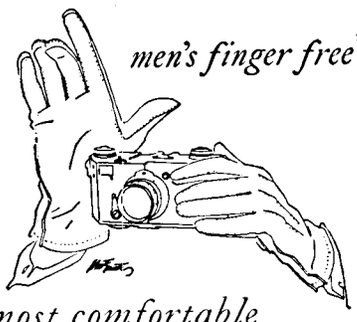

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *"Rodeo"—Shostakovich*

THIS "Rodeo" that the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo brought to the Metropolitan Opera House last week turned out to be a bright little offering that will please plenty of customers. The scenario, in the language of the program, "deals with the problem that has confronted every American woman, from earliest pioneer times, and which has never ceased to occupy them throughout the history of the building of our country: how to get a suitable man." This is not presented abstractly, there being no spirit of woman struggling to reach the ideal man, or anything like that. There's a cowgirl on a ranch competing with visitors from Kansas City for the attentions of the gents. You follow her adventures from a rodeo to a Saturday-night dance at the ranch house—and that's the story. The rodeo, as a terpsichorean job, is pretty good, a square-dance interlude (without music) is better, and the Saturday-night dance is something of a triumph. The audience doted on the production, and even after the doting tendencies of ballet visitors are discounted, "Rodeo" goes into the books as a hit.

Miss Agnes de Mille devised the show and Aaron Copland wrote the music. At the première, Miss de Mille danced the suitable-man-seeking heroine charmingly, and her associates went along enthusiastically. There was some ironing-out left for future rehearsals and performances, but the show, taken all in all, was right. Mr. Copland's music was good theatre and, like as not, will acquire considerable circulation when a concert suite is fashioned from it. The scenery and costumes, by Oliver Smith and Kermit Love, respectively, were excellent, and the orchestral playing, under the alert direction of Franz Allers, was properly energetic.

LAST week was a Shostakovich week, with performances of three of the composer's symphonies in four days. The Philadelphia Orchestra played the fifth, the Philharmonic-Symphony the seventh, and the Ballet Russe the first, which is the music for "Rouge et Noir." Of course, all this didn't furnish so uni-


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fied a view of the three works as the forthcoming performances by Artur Rodzinski and the Philharmonic-Symphony will. Eugene Ormandy's version of the fifth, with the Philadelphia, was a beautifully polished performance, Arturo Toscanini's of the seventh was persuasively intense, and the ballet presentation of the first, under the direction of Gregory Fittelberg, was orchestrally spotty, although Mr. Fittelberg conducted the music firmly and sympathetically.

There were various points of view in the conducting and a difference in the playing of the orchestras, but there still was the Shostakovich music, and it was obvious that all three symphonies, covering sixteen years of the composer's career, had the same musical personality behind them. All three were written by a man who is a natural at writing for orchestra; all three contain power and many ingenuities set off against winning and restrained slow movements; all three—even the seventh, composed in a Leningrad at war—have touches of humor, which, in the fifth, range from amusing kidding to heavy waggishness; and all three demonstrate unevenness in ideas and mastery in workmanship. Naturally, this isn't any attempt to analyze Shostakovich's music as a whole. It's simply one reaction to three symphonies, two of which have had many performances and the third of which probably will be heard frequently. By the way, I find that the first symphony has become more impressive since its first local hearings, and the fifth less so. Of course, other listeners may feel quite the other way.

YOU can't lose at the New York City WPA Symphony concerts for the United States Treasury Department, held at Carnegie Hall late Sunday afternoons, because you get in by buying War Stamps. At the first of these concerts I heard a performance of Brahms' double concerto for violin and 'cello played by Nathan Milstein and Gregor Piatigorsky, who were immense. Somehow, it was the first time I'd had any fun listening to this concerto. Fritz Mahler, the conductor, backed the soloists up handsomely. The rest wasn't so interesting that afternoon, but the concerto was worth the visit.—ROBERT A. SIMON

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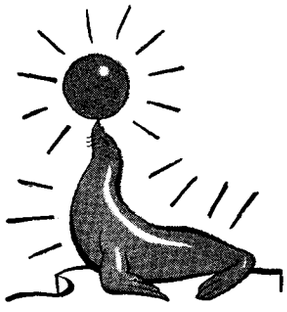

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# BOOKS

*The Confederates—Hemingway on War—F. P. A. Collects*

BEAUREGARD displayed "great self-confidence on the basis of limited experience with troops." Magruder always arrived at a gallop. D. H. Hill had a paranoiac's eyes and his judgment of men always went to extremes. J. E. Johnston was "soldierly and graying, with a certain gamecock jauntiness." Except for his look of narrow Puritan fanaticism, Stonewall Jackson might have been a figure of Jehovah by Michelangelo. Ewell was "a strange, unlovely bird," but he had a turn of rueful humor and everybody liked him. These and two or three dozen other gray-coated men of the Civil War make up the cast of "Lee's Lieutenants," by Douglas Southall Freeman, author of the distinguished biography "R. E. Lee." The massive volume we review this week (675 pages of text, complete with appendices, notes, maps, and photographs) is the first of a trilogy on which the author has been at work for eight years. The remaining sections, which recount the fortunes of Lee's general officers from the Second Battle of Bull Run to the final defeat, will be published separately later.

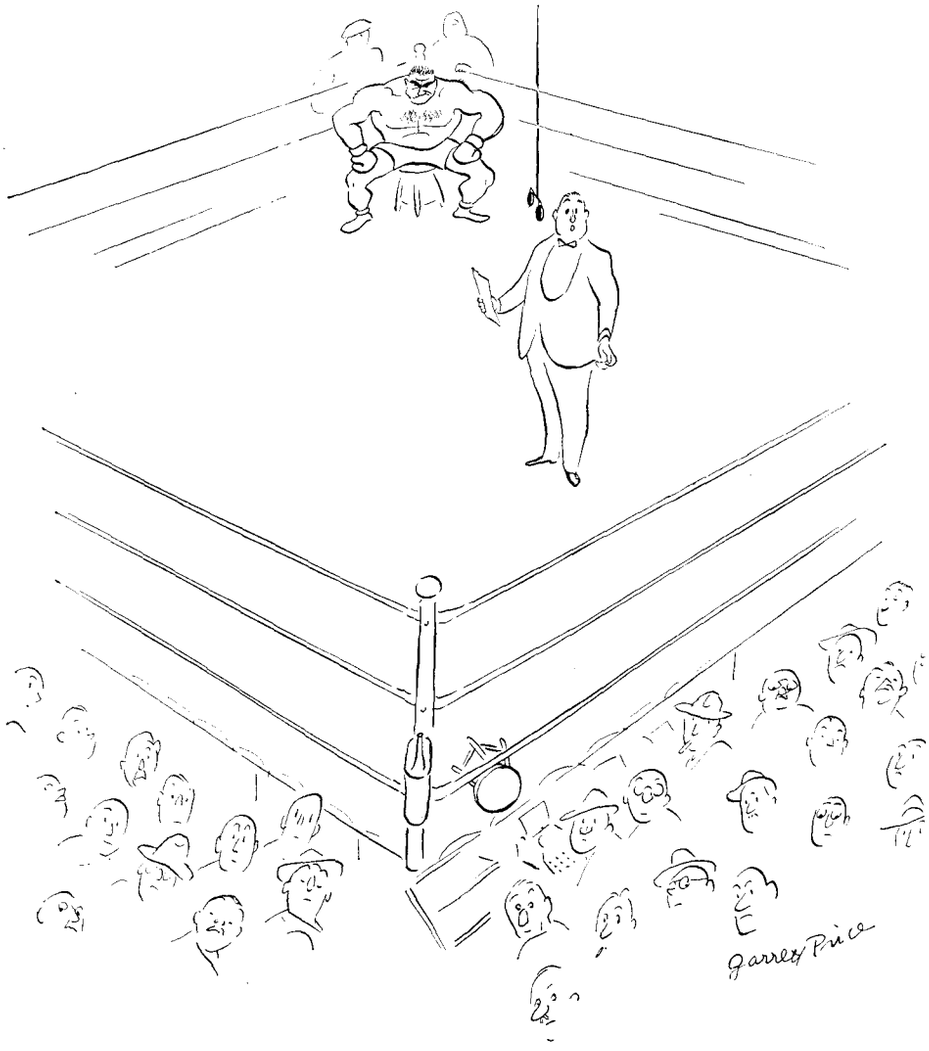
This first volume carries the complex drama from March, 1861, near the outset of the war, to the end of the Seven Days' Battles of the Peninsular campaign against McClellan in July, 1862. Mr. Freeman isn't out to compose a group of distinct biographies in the manner of Gamaliel Bradford's "Confederate Portraits," nor yet a military history of the Army of Northern Virginia. Neither is it his intention to recapitulate the material of his work on General Lee, though he does want to supplement that book by indicating the temper of Lee's assistants.

His main object, he tells us, is "a study in command." He wishes to show how the interplay of personality, ability, and circumstance among a group of men engaged in directing a common task affected both the quality of their performance and the results they achieved. Their task happened to be war, an activity that demands great and varied skills. Our job, too, is war, and Mr. Freeman has a good deal to teach us about it.

Thus, what the author gives us is a composite biography of certain men directing other men under stress. Each commander, like a brigade in reserve, is brought up when he is needed and then allowed to resume a minor place until the synopsis calls for him again. Beauregard's watch stops at the First Battle of Bull Run but his luck ticks on. He wins, only to fade out a little later. Magruder becomes overwrought at White Oak Swamp and tangles up the line. In the same battle, Jackson, following his triumphant Shenandoah Valley campaign, slumps down behind a tree and nods off in the face of a difficult offensive problem. He is simply a man who needs too much sleep. Each man's act affects the situation of the others and each is to some degree unpredictable.

Certainly, it's too early yet to judge the whole course of the trilogy. But the first volume, I think, shows a depth and thoroughness of understanding, a command of organization, and a brilliant terseness of statement that promise to raise the completed work to the level of the author's life of Lee. I confess I bridled here and there at the toplofty patrician note; for example, this description of the planter Wade Hampton: ". . . with his friends he was candid, cordial and free of any suggestion of the Grand Seigneur." Again, I found a good deal of the close, tactical narrative hard to follow, in part because so many of the battle maps are relatively unkeyed. However, I don't suppose I need to tell you that this is an important addition to American military literature.

WE run to size this week. Ernest Hemingway's collection of "the best war stories of all time," called "Men at War," adds up to 1,072 pages. Within its limits, I suppose, it comes as close to justifying the blurb as any one book could. It isn't arranged chronologically, but you may begin, if you like, with Joshua's horns blowing down the walls of Jericho and end with Walter B. Clausen's story of Midway. In between, you'll find a generous selection of the familiar things—all of "The Red Badge of Courage," good, big




*". . . and in this corner we have—er . . ."*

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samplings from "War and Peace," Prescott, Caesar, Virgil (but no Homer), Hugo, Stendhal—and a variety of tales culled from such less well-known writers as Oman, Marbot, and Southey. Twentieth-century names bulk large, and Mr. Hemingway's own account of Caporetto and his story of El Sordo's fight on the hilltop are, happily, included.

You will notice that nearly all the editor's selections are the work of professional writers. No doubt, this is all to the good in some ways, but the plain words of ordinary soldiers, put down in diaries, memoirs, letters, and reports, often seem truer than those of a writer steamed up with his opportunity. I'd be willing to trade a good bit of Mr. Hemingway's material for Colonel Fremantle's reminiscences of Gettysburg or the whoop-and-a-holler of Davy Crockett's last diary at the Alamo, apocryphal though some of it may be.

The editor contributes a twenty-page introduction, in which, as usual, he says some profound things and some that are extraordinary. As a sample of the former, I recommend this: "Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the functioning of the imagination." Among the latter, we may note Mr. Hemingway's suggestion that "the only ultimate settlement" with the Nazis is to sterilize them. He means just that, in the surgical sense.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, a wit, has selected the tenderer portions of some two hundred and twenty other wits for his new light-verse anthology, entitled "Innocent Merriment." This would seem to be a form of cannibalism, and I wish him joy of it. I know I got joy *out* of it.

Who but Mr. Adams could make the swing all the way from the man who wasn't there to Donne's "Go and catch a falling star," from "Giuseppe, da barber" to E. B. White's superb "Affidavit in Platitudes," and from Congreve's pious Selinda to Hoffenstein's still almost incomparable "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing"? None, say I. If I hesitate to state that everything is here—everything good, that is—it's only because everything is seldom anywhere.

Mr. Adams gives us some of his own neat and limber verse and remarks in passing that "the temptation has been strong to make an anthology composed of Calverley's 'Verses and Fly Leaves,' 'The Bab Ballads,' and almost all of Dorothy Parker." I'll go two thirds

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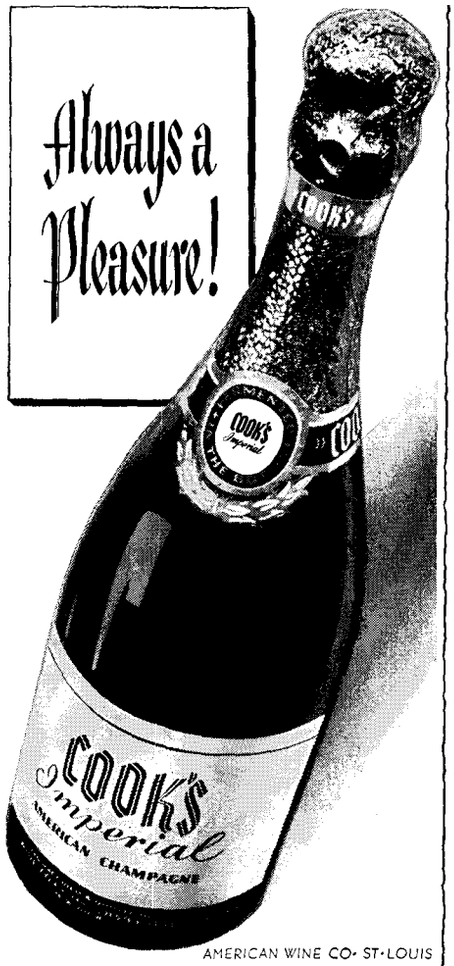

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of the way with him, though he hasn't offered to go *any*where with me. I'll grant him that Calverley is a very bright prosodist; Parker is darker, and long may she gloom. But in me Mr. Adams encounters an anti-Gilbertian (or anti-Savoyard, for that matter) of truly idiotic proportions. I say the Gilbert canon is corn, but what are you doing listening to me? Don't you hear Mr. Adams speaking to you?

—VINCENT MCHUGH

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE BURNING WHEEL, by Slater Brown. The dramatic, fast-moving—perhaps too fast-moving—story of natives and city people in a desolate Connecticut valley. The plot is interesting, but more interesting and rather frightening is the atmosphere of decay in the valley itself, to which the characters are inescapably bound. Some humorous dialogue keeps the book from being too stern and tense.

RIVER-BOTTOM BOY, by Harold Matthews. A Negro family, after generations of grinding poverty on a Louisiana river-bottom plantation, moves to New Orleans, looking for a better life. The misery and injustice that await these bewildered folk in the city make an almost unbearably painful story that is all too credible. Mr. Matthews writes clearly and vigorously and with a fine ear for the strange speech rhythms of the New Orleans and the river-bottom Negroes, but his novel would be more effective if he had left unrecorded a few of the family's misfortunes.

THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM, by Eudora Welty. A bedlam story, or an apparition, or an extravaganza straight out of another world. Outlining the plot of this brief and gorgeous fairy tale would be about as rewarding as recounting last night's puzzling, hilarious dream to a breakfast table full of people intent on coffee and kippers. If this *is* a dream, it is one of the gay, soaring kind, without a breath of nightmare and with humor as sly and irresistible as anything in "Candide." For all her wild, rich fancy, Miss Welty writes prose that is as disciplined as it is beautiful.

LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN, by LeGrand Cannon, Jr. Long, leisurely, and charming novel about a pioneer couple who settled in the wilderness around Mt. Chocorua, New Hampshire, just before the Revolution. Fine New England feeling, good Yankee

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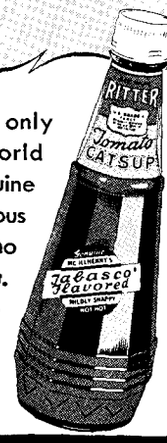


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dialogue, and sound local color of the time. This is Mr. Cannon's third book, and he improves with each one.

THE DAY MUST DAWN, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Another historical romance, centred this time about the settlement of Hannastown, in western Pennsylvania, in the bleak year of Valley Forge. Interesting for the author's deep feeling for the country and its bloody history and for her presentation of a strong family attachment. There are some homely, authentic-sounding details of frontier life and a credible picture of a pioneer mother who had as much wilderness as she could bear.

THE STRANGER, by Lillian Bos Ross. The difficulties of a particularly rough ranchman who brought a mail-order wife into the wild and lonely Santa Lucia Mountains in California during the cattle-empire days of the seventies. In a fresh, pleasant style, the author presents a locale that is strange and people who are vividly alive.

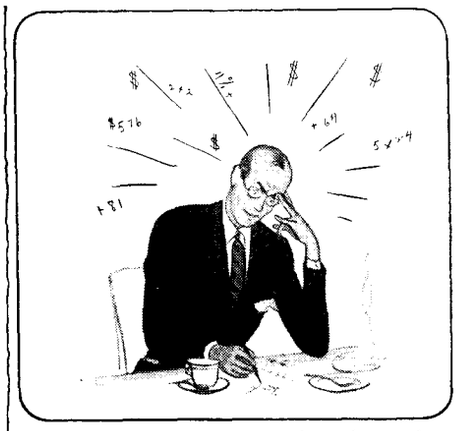
TREVERYAN, by Angela du Maurier. A not very adult novel with a Victorian background by Daphne's younger sister. There is an old and decadent family, the wild Cornish coast, madness and murder—all the ingredients of a thriller. In this case, however, they don't add up to much.

BROKEN MELODY, by Ronald Kirkbride. The struggle for musical recognition of a poor and gifted young American composer. A sincere feeling for music gives the novel whatever form it has, which is not enough to compensate for the inexpert handling of plot and the wooden dialogue. The portrayal of a boarding house full of waifs, whom the author obviously finds humorous and pathetic, is more a credit to his sympathy for such human jetsam than to his ability to portray it convincingly.

## GENERAL

SUEZ TO SINGAPORE, by Cecil Brown. The well-known C.B.S. correspondent, a straight reporter, covers the war in the Middle East and events in Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, and Australia. His *pièce de résistance*, of course, is a full-length, among-those-present story of the sinking of the Repulse. Good, honest, smooth writing, though much of what he tells us is a little stale now. You may have seen some of the material in magazines.

WORLD IN TRANCE, by Leopold Schwarzschild, translated by Norbert Guterman. Though we have had

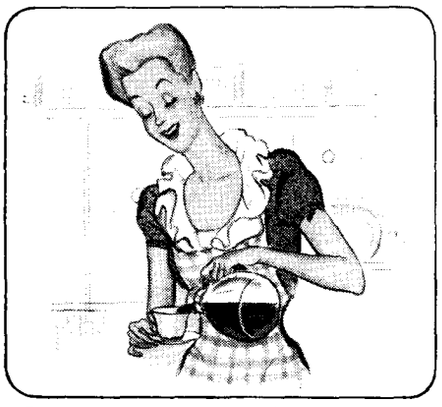



**1. You can't help** worrying about the war. The news makes you jittery. And you worry about that big jump in next year's income tax. You chew pencils and figure on the tablecloth at lunch.

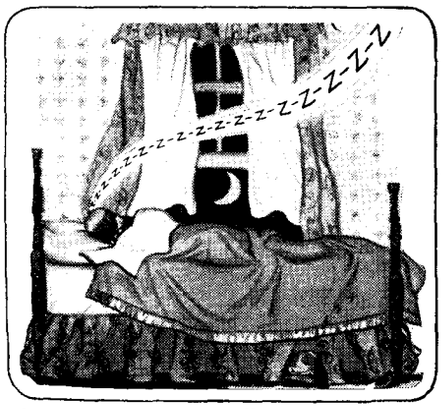
**2. Perhaps the draft** has taken so many men out of your office that you're doing the work of 3 men. You work late nights, and now, more than ever, you need a good night's sleep.

**3. Do you get it?** Or are you one of those who are kept awake by caffein in coffee—but who *love* coffee so much, you *can't* resist! So you punish your already frayed nerves with caffein!

**4. Then you toss and turn,** and wish you could sleep. Should you give up the cheery luxury of fragrant coffee? Of course not. Simply ask your wife to start serving Sanka Coffee.



**5. Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free,** and *can't* keep you awake! So you *still* enjoy *real* coffee—only *this* coffee lets you sleep! So why wait? Start right *now* to enjoy Sanka Coffee!



**6. Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee,** *nothing but* coffee. *Only* the caffein comes out... the tantalizing aroma and flavor *stay in!* Get Sanka Coffee *today.* (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

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What care I how light it be?"

"It's swell!
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hints of it before, this book offers us an interpretation of the between-wars period that is essentially fresh. Its thesis, ably argued and documented, is that the Machiavellian idealism of Wilson and the post-1918 liberals made it possible for Germany to conduct a victorious bloodless war against the Allies in the years between Versailles and Hitler. Certainly a challenging work, and perhaps a very significant one.

THE UNRELENTING STRUGGLE. This book, compiled and with an introduction by Charles Eade, contains sixty-eight of Winston Churchill's war speeches, delivered between November 12, 1940, and December 30, 1941. It includes such famous examples as "The White House Christmas Tree" and "Westward, Look, the Land Is Bright," but also many speeches on British domestic problems, which are unfamiliar to Americans.

DRAWN AND QUARTERED, by Charles Addams, with a foreword by Boris Karloff. A book of drawings, nearly all of which have appeared in this magazine. Not recommended for those apt to be intimidated by werewolves, haunted houses, and the supernatural in general, but probably quite an experience for everybody else.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

HANGED FOR A SHEEP, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Mrs. North visits her Aunt Flora, who has had four husbands, and stumbles across the body of one of them. Lieutenant Weigand, of the New York Homicide Squad, is on the job again, getting the impetuous Mrs. North out of trouble. Could be better.

MURDER BY REFLECTION, by H. F. Heard. A story about the foster-mother-and-son relationship between rich Irene Ibis and Arnoldo Signorli, young amateur of life and arts of the Regency period. An evocation of a distant day more than a mystery—mostly done with mirrors. A new method of murder, and skillful writing, are not quite enough to save this book.

•

Col. Bals, speaking of the show in his response to Acting Mayor Richard C. Jepsen's welcoming speech, had this to say about the show:
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AS A BOMBARDIER

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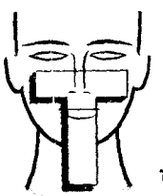

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